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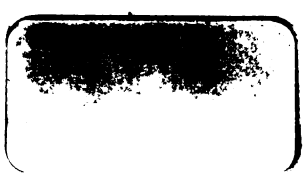
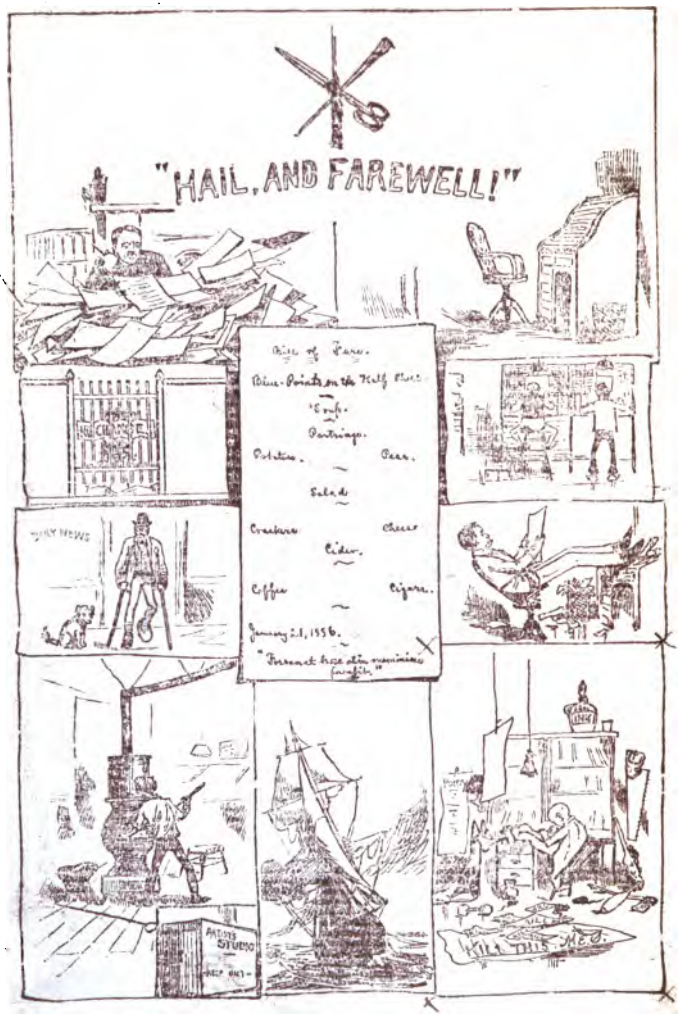


THE WORKS OF EUGENE FIELD

Vol. XII


"HAIL, AND FAREWELL!"
Bill of Fare.
Blue-Points on the Half Shell
Soup.
Partridge.
Potatoes.
Pear.
Salad
Crackers
Cheese
Cider.
Coffee
Cigars.
January 1st, 1886.
"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."
DAILY NEWS
ARTISTS STUDIO
KILL THIS M.E.S.

THE WRITINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE OF EUGENE FIELD

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS · NEW YORK · 1901

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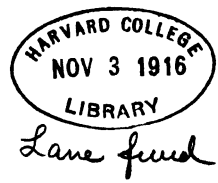

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BIBLIOMANIA

Premonitions of a Bibliophile

"ONE day, while I was in the Methodist Conference in New York last month," says the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, "I said to one of the lay delegates next to me, 'Brother Baxter, do you believe in premonitions?'

"'Brother Bristol, I do,' he answered; 'but we men of the world do not call them premonitions; we call them "hunches."'

"'I do not like that word "hunch,"' said I; 'it has a vain and godless sound. In order, however, that you may catch my meaning, I will say that I have a hunch at this very moment. In short, I have been having it for an hour.'

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'I have a premonition,' said I, 'that you have got a lot of old books around at your house.'

"'The spirit of divination must be upon you, Brother Bristol,' said he, 'for it is true that I have a large library of books—of old books, too.'

"'I should like to see them,' said I.

"'Come around this evening, and I will show them to you,' said he.

"'I shall be there at seven o'clock sharp, D. V.,' said I.

"I reached Brother Baxter's house at the appointed hour, and there I found as superb a collection of old books as I ever clapped eyes upon. What particularly pleased me was the Franklin 'Cato Major,' one of the rarest of Americana, and a first edition of Shelley. I did not covet these bibliographical treasures, for that would have been sinful. I simply asked Brother Baxter how much sordid gold he would accept in exchange for them. He thought about fifty dollars would requite him for the loss of them, but I suggested that forty dollars was a good deal of money in these degenerate times. He finally concluded

to let me have them at the figure I named. I paid him the sum and walked off with the volumes under my arm, while my heart overflowed with thanksgiving and praise.

"But as I lay upon my couch that night, the still, small voice of conscience reproached me. It reminded me that Shelley was a heretic—a teacher of dangerous and damnable doctrines. Could I, a clergyman, afford to keep in my possession the work of so notorious and so formidable an enemy? I recalled the anecdote of Mr. Watts, which records that, when a favorite niece confessed to him, with tears of penitence in her eyes, that her new bonnet was dragging her immortal soul down to hell, he advised her to give the bonnet to her sister. This recollection determined me in the course to pursue, quieted my conscience, and induced pleasant slumbers.

"In the morning I arose betimes, took the hated book down-town, and sold it to Scribner & Company for seventy-five dollars. The fact that I got for this one volume nearly double what I had paid for the two books the previous evening did not gratify me

nearly so much as did the thought that I had boldly thrust from me that which, however pleasing to the eye and engaging to the senses, reeked, nevertheless, with the subtle guile of Satan."

June 13, 1888

The Collector's Discontent

H. K. G. sends us some verses as a guarantee of good faith; but the verses will please so many of the bibliomaniacs (or should we say "bibliophiles"?) that we 're going to print 'em without asking the author's permission.

A Dibdin properly displayed,
An Elzevir ensconced on high,
My hand upon an Aldus laid—
I felt a tear fall from my eye.

The cause? And is there none who knows
The pangs ambition idly wields?
Is there a man that to the throes
Of covetousness never yields?

Perhaps some day some graven urn
Or parchment old may bring to view
The name of him that did not yearn
For the books that dear old Burton knew.
I don't believe it, though—do you?

January 30, 1889

Mr. Gladstone's Madness

It seems that, like many other bibliomaniacs, the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone has attacks of madness about once in so often. He had one of these "spells" on the day before I left London, and the way he rampaged around the book-shops in Oxford Street was simply delicious. The first place he entered was Westall's. I happened to be there, and I watched him closely, for I wanted to see whether, while under the vile influence, he was like other bibliomaniacs I knew. He planted himself in the middle of the shop and cast his eyes slowly around the shelves of books that lined the walls. Of course all other buyers paused when it became known that Gladstone was present. It was a superb picture—that Grand Old Man, erect and quivering with excitement, rolling his splendid eyes upon those musty treasures. Suddenly he raised his majestic left arm and described, as it were, to the left of him a parabola. "Send me those," he said. Then he raised his equally majestic right arm, and made an equally

graceful curving sweep in the other direction, saying: "Send me those, too." Then he hurried out of Westall's and plunged into another book-shop hard by. The whole business was done in three minutes. Westall knew what the old gentleman meant. At any rate, he began taking down books and volumes and tomes by the score, while a clerk went out to hire a dray.

"That 's the way he always buys," said Westall. "It 's as good as fifty pounds every time he comes into a book-shop."

The scene quite astounded me. Only once before had I seen any like it. That was in at McClurg's one day. I had just asked George Millard whether Dr. Gunsaulus was buying many books, and Millard had told me, with a sigh that bespoke poignant regret, that the reverend gentleman had sworn off.

"Moreover," added Millard, "he assures me that he has sworn off for keeps."

At that very moment who should enter but Dr. Gunsaulus himself, his step as light and bounding as a gazelle's, his face as glowing as an August moon's, and his voice as resonant as a B-flat cornet's.

And the way he did buy books! Why, it would have discounted Gladstone, even. It took Millard and Chandler and Bell three solid hours to make a bill of them. There must have been ten thousand of them—books of all kinds, from books of balladry up to tomes of theology, and from volumes of history down to garlands of border songs.

"You will perhaps pardon me, doctor," said I, "but I really do not understand how a meek and lowly clergyman can afford to invest so largely in books."

"Fortunately," replied Dr. Gunsaulus, "I am momentarily a Crœsus, having just sold a quarter-section of my Arizona alkali farm to Brother Phil Armour."

May 28, 1890

Germany a Paradise for Collectors

THE collectors who first discovered these quaint old German towns must have had a feast and a harvest of it. Just fancy prowling around Nuremberg when it was virgin so far as the profane touch of the bibliomaniac, the chinamaniac, the bronzomaniac, and the other maniacs were concerned.

Why, when I think of the opportunities that were, I feel like crying out, as old Horace did: "Oh that I had lived before I was born!" Those were not the exact words, but they were to that effect, as you shall see by getting down the book and referring to "Satires," book iii. line 93. It is not fair, either to one's self or to the glorious old bard, to be too nice in rendering Horace. The poet himself hated a servile translator. "Stoop not," he quoth, "to render word for word as a literal translator." But this is neither here nor there at present. Of this more anon. What we have to wail about just now is the unhappy circumstance that the crafty and thrifty German has opened his eyes and his hands, the former recognizing the collector as legitimate prey, and the latter comprehending him as such. So, wherever he goes, the collector is a marked man. It were idle to attempt to hide his identity, to mask his passion. Vesuvius will not be smothered. The worm that dieth not is the collector's mania. The trade in antiquities (as they are called) seems to have fallen largely into the hands of the Jews,

and the rapacity of these people is never more ferocious than when it comprehends within its scope the enthusiastic collector. Americans, particularly, are made victims to extortion. Every American is supposed to be rich and callow. Some are rich and most of them are callow. But, like the boy who fell foul of the bulldog, they know a heap more, even if they 're not so proud, when they 've had a transatlantic experience. Nothing, I fancy, discourages the enthusiasm of a collector more than the conviction that he is in duty bound to haggle over the price of the treasures he finds. This at once degrades a lofty pursuit to the base, vulgar level of bargain. The fine, subtle essence of the sport is brutally squeezed out of it, or, as your State Senator Hereley once remarked in legislative halls at Springfield: "Fellow-senators, you have emasculated this here bill by cutting the heart out av it."

Nuremberg, Leipsic, Hanover, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Frankfort seem to be fairly good hunting-grounds for the collector. Berlin is too new, and Dresden is in the hands of the Philistines. There are mul-

titudes of lovely things to be had in Carlsbad, but the prices are simply awful. Even little pieces of bric-à-brac that can be had in Munich and other towns for ten cents are marked up to a dollar and a half in Carlsbad! English books outside of Paris and England come high. Not having a very definite idea of what a first edition is, yet knowing that first editions are sought after, every English book is regarded as a first edition, and is priced accordingly. English publications, old and new, cost quite as much on the Continent as they do in Chicago, and few of them have that delicious flavor of the steerage which is forever after exhaled by a volume when once it has crossed the Atlantic in the proper way.

For their own first editions the Germans do not seem to care so very much. A Goethe, a Schiller, a Uhland, or a Grimm can be picked up for comparatively little money. First editions of Schmidt's tales are hard to be got, for the reason that, being popular with little children, copies of the work were speedily worn out by constant thumbing. For a like reason, you know, it

is almost impossible to find a perfect first edition of Quarles's "Emblems." Autograph letters are reasonably cheap. Schiller's are very rare. Goethe's can be had at prices ranging from $10 to $100. The autographs of kings and princes are galore, and as cheap as dirt. Letters from Bryant, Longfellow, Schurz, Whittier, Willis, Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, and other distinguished Americans have I seen catalogued at Leipsic and Frankfort, and the prices were much below those demanded in New York. The original manuscript of "The Pied Piper of Hameln" sold recently in London for $45, and three of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's letters brought $37.50. The manuscript (incomplete) of Moore's "Epicurean" sold for $60; and three lots, consisting of, first, the original manuscript of a play, "The Frozen Deep" (by Dickens and Collins); second, the manuscript prompt-book of the same; and, third, the original manuscript of the story of "The Frozen Deep" (Collins)—these three sold for $1500.

Original manuscripts of Wilkie Collins's famous works brought these sums: "The

Moonstone," $625; "Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome," $21; "Hide and Seek," $25; "The Woman in White," $15.60; "No Name," $275; "Armadale," $505; "No Thoroughfare," $110; and "The Fallen Leaves," $140. By the way, at this same sale a first edition of "Pickwick Papers," in the original parts, was sold for $37.50. B. F. Stevens bought in Thackeray's "Snob and the Gownsman" (being volume ii. of "The Snob") for $455. This latter book is one of the rarest of modern literature.

August 14, 1890

Portraits of Celebrities

IT is said that there are altogether about twelve hundred engraved portraits of Shakspere. Dickens must follow, for it is known that during his lifetime alone more than four hundred portraits (chiefly unofficial) were done. Of Richelieu three hundred portraits are known to exist,—different pictures, I mean,—and about the same number of portraits of Marie Antoinette have been gathered together. How many must there be of Queen Victoria, she who has been at the

head of the British Empire for more than fifty years! Why, the thought is simply overwhelming. In the Royal Academy there have been exhibited sixty-two oil-portraits of her Majesty. These constitute but a small fraction of the pictures made of her for magazines, newspapers, books of beauty, gift-books, albums, plates, etc. I have about one hundred different prints of the Queen, covering every period of her life from infancy down to her fiftieth year. Many of them are valuable only as curious freaks, particularly the woodenish groups made of the royal family while the Prince Consort was living, and just before the birth of Beatrice. As a girl, Victoria must have been very pretty. The portraits made of her at that period represent her as little short of a beauty. On the whole, however, Landseer's group must be regarded as the best of the pictures in which her Majesty appears.

November 19, 1890

Antiquity of the Phrase "To Touch"

IN the Rochester *Union and Advertiser* we find this interesting communication from

Theodore Bacon, Esq., an eminent jurist and confirmed bibliomaniac: "I remember your being pleased, as it seemed in the *Union* some time ago, with what you judged to be a new locution in the poetic line: 'Mr. Billings of Louisville touched him for ten.' Although you were speedily brought to book by some master of English, I do not believe that even he knew (as certainly I did not) that the phrase had almost a secular antiquity. I have just come across this extract of a letter, December 25, 1796, which mentions that certain men had been driven out of Dublin by debts, and adds: 'They have touched citizens B. B. and Harvey Dixon for a few hundreds' (Lecky's 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. viii. p. 191, note). Is it a good thing or an evil to have a reader who not only reads you but remembers you?"

The use of the word "touch," in the signification of to "relieve of" or to "mulct," must be of very great antiquity, for it is found in the works of the oldest English writers. In Gower's fragment of "The Knavish Monk" this passage occurs:

Uprising then full earlye in ye morne,
Beforne ye plaisaunt Averille day ben borne,
Yt same lewde monkish man whereof I speke—
Tofilled with guile and venal humours eke—
Did touche ye freyer for three siller crownes,
And he ben seen no more, be Goddis wowndes!

Wright says that "touch" is provincial for a "cunning trick." Farmer defines it as cant for "steal." Grose (1785) says that "to touch" is to "get money" from any one. The curious phraseology of definitions given by early lexicographers is felicitously illustrated in Phillips's "World of Words" (1658), wherein a "gimlet" is defined as a "piercer to pierce any barrel of liquor withal." But perhaps the dictionary most interesting to the student of words is Bailey's (any edition prior to 1750), since in it are to be found many of those words whose absence from Johnson's later works gave rise to the famous story about the nice old lady who complimented the burly Dr. Samuel on his discrimination as an expurgator.

"I like your dictionary, sir," said she, "because there are no nasty words in it."

"And so you have been looking for them, eh, my dear?" asked the brutal old man.

January 9, 1891

Value of Second-hand Books

It occurs to us that a good deal of unnecessary hubbub is being made over the announcement that the library of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes has been appraised at $804.50. There is no doubt that the library is worth more and would sell for more. It is not the custom in New England to overestimate the value of property that is liable to taxation. If the Holmes library were offered for sale there would be a sudden and enormous increase in its value as estimated by that selfsame appraiser who, for prudential business reasons, now decrees that the books are worth but $804.50.

It is with second-hand books as with many other things in this world—it all depends. There is a heap of sentiment involved. There are many people who would not care to pay an extra price for a book that had been owned, used, and beloved by Dr. Holmes and bore his signature in autograph.

On the other hand, there are many who would regard such a book as a priceless treasure, and who would well-nigh bankrupt themselves to possess it. Sentiment plays an important part in all human affairs, and particularly in those employments which pertain to the business of collecting. So does vanity. There are collectors of paintings, books, china, coins, furniture, etc., that are collectors simply for the satisfaction which their vanity enjoys when they are recognized and known as lovers of these things and as having large holdings in these articles. Others amass collections simply for the actual pleasure they have in possessing this wealth of curios. They make no parade of their possessions, but, on the contrary, seem disposed rather to hide away their treasures from the scrutiny of others. Their enjoyment is that of the miser who hordes and plays with his gold in secret.

The wholly admirable class of collectors is composed of those who revere and love their acquisitions, not so much for their intrinsic or remarkable worth, as for the tender associations connected with them, and for

the poetic suggestions in which they abound. These collectors do actual good. Their treasures are for the instruction and delectation of all appreciative people; they communicate to all with whom they associate a regard, if not an enthusiasm, for the true, the good, and the beautiful in art. Better yet, they serve to foster and to promote those "mere sentiments" without which life would be unlivable, with its coldness, its hardness, its irresponsiveness, and its bloodlessness.

April 3, 1895

On His Acquisition of Gladstone's Axe

I

CAMBRIDGE, January 20, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR: I send you a copy of the Latin epigram on the axe given to you by Mr. Gladstone, and also what I fear is a rather lame translation of the epigram.

Yours sincerely,

OSCAR BROWNING.

Oceanum transit marribus bene trita securis
Indicium belli nuntia pacis erit,
Eruat obscurae victrix nemora invia rixae
Instauretque novae foedus amicitiae.

The woodman's axe, well worn by Gladstone's hands,
Symbol of war, speaks peace to distant lands.
It goes the bush of dark mistrust to clear
And found a league of love for many a year.

II

LONDON, January 19, 1890.

DEAR SIR: "To America it will go—the axe well worn with handling. The symbol of war will be a message of peace. May it fell the tangled thickets of dark dispute and renew a fresh league of friendship." That is a rough translation. If your countrymen admire Mr. Gladstone I wish they had owned him; but the just anger of God sent him to punish our infernal hypocrisy and humbug. Every nation has the Gladstone it deserves. Them 's my sentiments.

Alas! I see it is verse you want. Well, here goes:
This axe will go forth that is won with his hands
To the West as a message of peace;
May the symbol of war stay the feud of the lands,
Bring the light and make bickerings cease.

To America passes the axe that is worn
By the hands of the good and the great.
By the symbol of war may the forest be torn—
The forest whose trees are of darkness and scorn.
May its message be friendship, not hate.

As to visiting the States, I expect to lay my bones there as a literary hack.

Yours very sincerely,

A. LANG.

III

Where virtues wax
Shall go this axe,
A sign of pax
And not of bellum;
Should storms arise
As temper flies,
Why, Gladstone-wise,
'T will quickly fell 'em!

E. F.

August 28, 1895

A LEAP-YEAR LAMENT

THE golden year is nearly sped—
  This year of girlish wooing;
And lo, my hope of love is dead,
  And fate is past undoing!
When suitors came in gentle spring
  And proffered their caresses,
Like some coquettish, giddy thing,
  I spurned their fond addresses.

So Minnie, Maggie, Maud, and Belle,
  Miranda, Jane, and Jessie,
Maria, Nannie, Ruth, and Nell,
  And charming blue-eyed Bessie
Went wooing other kindlier men
  Too numerous to mention;
And I, by this hegira, then
  Was left without attention.

But in the sere of autumn came
  That sweetest maid of many,
With wit and beauty known to fame —
  The blithe and winsome Jennie;
And having wooed as woman can,
  Protesting she adored me,
She wed her father's hired man;
  And that completely floored me!

O silly celibate, that spurned
  The leap-year wooing vernal,
How hast thy haughty scorning turned
  To self-reproach eternal!
I 'd give my wealth, my life, my fame,
  If I could summon to me
In this bleak hour those nymphs that came
  In early spring to woo me!

December 17, 1884

ILL REQUITED

OH, hand me down my spectacles,
  Oh, hand them down to me,
That I may read and know, indeed,
  If our good Grover C.
Hath bid me stand at his right hand,
  Where I have longed to be.

Oh, hand me down my microscope;
  These specs ill serveth me:
But I have hope the microscope
  Will give me pow'r to see
My noble name where lasting fame
  Intended it should be.

Alas! nor specs nor microscope
  Nor aught availeth me.
My name is missed from all the list
  Where it should surely be.
And if, ere long, affairs go wrong,
  The blame 's with Grover C.

March 5, 1885

GRANT

HIS was the sword that from its scabbard leapt
To cleave the way where freedom could be won,
And where it led a conquering army swept
Till all was done.

Then that same valorous hand which swung the sword
Back to its sheath returned the patriot blade,
And bore sweet peace where crushed rebellion's horde
Stood all dismayed.

And now a spirit, speeding from above,
Chills that great heart with his destroying breath,
And all a people's reverence and love
Are mocked by death.

April 1, 1885

FROM THE SAME CANTEEN

FROM hill and plain to the State of Maine
The veterans toiled along,
And they rent the air with the tuneful blare
Of trumpets and of song;
That their throats were dry there will none deny,
But little they recked, I ween,
As they gathered round on the old camp-ground
To drink from the same canteen.

The tales of old were again retold,
And they sang of the war once more—
Till the word went round like a thunder sound,
"Let us drink to the days of yore!"

A rapturous glee that was fair to see
  Enveloped the martial scene—
But there came a change that was pitiful strange
  When they drank from the old canteen.

The veteran throng sings now no song
  That is keyed in the grand old strain,
And the air is blue with the hullabaloo
  Of the soldiers who marched to Maine.
Not even beer is the proffered cheer,
  Nor a jug nor a flask is seen;
But it 's lemonade of a watery grade
  That they drink from the same canteen!

June 26, 1885

LITTLE MISS DANDY

THE other night as in my bed
I lay profoundly sleeping,
An angel babe with hairless head
Came through the darkness creeping;
And, waking at the dawn of day,
Bliss percolated through me
When, smiling in her artless way,
She murmured "papa" to me.

Strange, was it not? But stranger still
What next claimed my attention—
The robes of wealth with tuck and frill
Too numerous to mention.
Whence came these bibs with lace bedecked—
These flannels all so handy?
And who could possibly suspect
The coming of Miss Dandy?

Well, she shall live a thousand years,
  Unmindful of each morrow;
Her eyes shall know no plash of tears,
  Her heart no touch of sorrow;
And she shall dress in silk and lace
  And feed on taffy candy—
God bless her fuzzy little face,
  My little angel dandy!

August 11, 1885

SPIRIT LAKE

UPON this beautiful expanse
Of purple waves and spray
The wanton prairie zephyrs dance
With sunbeams all the day.
And ships go sailing to and fro;
The sea-gulls circle round;
Above the plash of ebb and flow
The children's voices sound.

See how the playful pickerel speeds
Upon his devious way
Among the lissome, clinging weeds,
In hot pursuit of prey;
And here or there the greedy bass
In their erratic flight
Like dark electric shadows pass
Before our wondering sight.

Oh, what a wealth of life is here —
  What pike and carp abound!
Within these waters, cool and clear,
  What game may not be found!
You only have to bait your hook
  And cast it in the spray;
Down — fathoms down — it sinks; and
    look!
  You 've caught your finny prey.

O beauteous lake with pebbly shore
  And skies of azure hue,
With gulls and zephyrs skimming o'er
  Thy waves of restless blue,
To thee I dedicate this hymn
  In melancholic spite —
To thee, where bass and pickerel swim,
  But only bullheads bite.

TO DENMAN THOMPSON

THERE 'S somethin' in your homely ways,
Your simple speech, and honest face
That takes us back to other days
And to a distant, cherished place.
We seem to see the dear old hills,
The clover-patch, the pickerel pond,
And we can hear the mountain rills
A-singin' in the haze beyond.

There is the lane wherein we played,
An' there the hillside, rough an' gray,
O'er which we little Yankees strayed
A-checkerberryin' ev'ry day;
The big red barn, the old stone wall,
The pippin-tree, the fav'rite beach —
We seem to recognize 'em all
In thy quaint face an' honest speech!

An' somehow when we see 'em rise
  Like spectres of those distant years,
We kinder weaken, and our eyes
  See dimly through a mist o' tears;
For there 's no thing will touch the heart
  Like mem'ry's subtle wand, I trow,
An' there 's no tear that will not start
  At thought of home an' long ago.

You make us boys an' girls again,
  An' like a tender, sweet surprise,
Come thoughts of those dear moments when
  Our greatest joy was mother's pies!
I 'd ruther have your happy knack
  Than all the arts which critics praise —
The knack o' takin' old folks back
  To childhood homes and childhood days.

September 2, 1885

"PURITAN"—"GENESTA"

A CENTURY or so ago,
When we was young an' skittish,
We started out to let folks know
That we could tan the British;
From Bunker Hill ter Southern sile,
And on the ragin' water,
We warmed 'em in sich hearty style,
They quickly begged fur quarter.

Waal, ever sence them early days
When we was young an' skittish,
We Yanks hev been disposed to raise
Ther devil with ther British;
Thar 's nary game they kin suggest
But thet we Yankees larn 'em
That we are cuter than the best
Of all their lords — goll darn 'em!

With our Kintucky colts we 've beat
  Their stables highfalutin;
Their sportin' men hev met defeat
  At cricket and at shootin';
Our pugilists, with skill an' ease,
  Hev stopped all furrin blowin';
Our oarsmen on the lakes an' seas
  Hev beat 'em all a-rowin'!

An' now, ter save that silver cup
  From England's proud "Genesta,"
The Yankee folks have kunjured up
  A skimmin' dish ter best 'er.
Thar ain't no ship thet swims the sea
  Or sails the briny ocean —
No matter what her flag may be —
  Kin beat a Yankee notion!

But what o' thet? It 's all in fun,
  And thar won't be no squealin';
Fur Yank an' Britisher is one
  In language, blud, an' feelin'!
An' though the times we 've played 'em smart
  Are numbered by the dozens,
The Yankee feels, down in his heart,
  "God bless our British cousins!"

September 15, 1885

THE SONG OF THE MUGWUMP

THE Mugwump sat on a hickory limb,
"Too-hoo!"
In the autumn twilight, dank and dim,
"Too-hoo!"
When, coming along, a Democrat heard
The doleful voice of the curious bird
Sadly moaning this wild, weird word,
'Too-hoo!"

"Oh, why do you sit on that limb and cry
'Too-hoo?'
Does it mean a lingering, last good-by—
Adieu?
You 've been our guest a paltry year,
And now you are going to disappear
With a parting flip-flop, sad and sear—
Boo-hoo!"

But the Mugwump scorned the Democrat's
wail,
"Too-hoo!"
And flirting its false, fantastic tail,
"Too-hoo!"
It spread its wings and it soared away,
And left the Democrat in dismay,
With no pitch hot and the devil to pay—
"Too-hoo!"

October 6, 1885

SONG FOR THE DEPARTED

OH, what has become of the Mugwump-bird
In this weather of wind and snow,
And does he roost as high as we heard
He roosted a year ago?

A year ago and his plumes were red
As the deepest of cardinal hues,
But in the year they 've changed, 't is said,
To the bluest of bilious blues!

A year ago and this beautiful thing
Warbled in careless glee;
But now the tune he is forced to sing
Is pitched in a minor key.

It 's oh, we sigh, for the times gone by
  When the Mugwump lived to laugh —
When, coy and shy, he roosted high,
  And could n't be caught with chaff.

And it 's oh, we say, for the good old day
  Which never again may come —
When the Mugwump threaded his devious
    way
  And whistled his lumpty-tum!

November 5, 1885

A SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS WIND

AS on my roving way I go
Beneath the starlight's gleaming,
Upon a bank of feathery snow
I find a moonbeam dreaming;
I crouch beside the pretty miss
And cautiously I give her
My gentlest, tend'rest little kiss,
And frown to see her shiver.
Oho! Oho!
On bed of snow
Beneath the starlight's gleaming,
I steal the bliss
Of one sweet kiss
From that fair friend a-dreaming.

I scamper up the gloomy street
With wild, hilarious shrieking,
And each rheumatic sign I meet
I set forthwith to creaking;

The sooty chimneys wheeze and sigh
  In dismal apprehension,
And when the rich man passes by
  I pay him marked attention.
    Oho! Oho!
    With gusts of snow
I love to pelt and blind him;
    But I kiss the curls
    Of the beggar-girls
Who crouch in the dark behind him.

In summer-time a posy fair
  Bloomed on the distant heather,
And every day we prattled there
  And sang our songs together;
And thither, as we sang or told
  Of love's unchanging glory,
A maiden and her lover strolled,
  Repeating our sweet story.
    "Oho! Oho!"
    We murmur low —
The maid and I, together;
    For summer 's sped
    And love is dead
Upon the distant heather.

December 26, 1885

AN OVERWORKED WORD

WE wake up and make up,
We rake up, we fake up,
And use the word "up" when we can.
We drink up and think up,
We kink up and shrink up,
And do up a shirt or a man.

We slack up or back up,
We stack up and whack up,
And hold up a man or an ace;
We beer up and cheer up,
We steer up and clear up,
And work up ourselves or a case.

We walk up and talk up,
We stalk up and chalk up,
And everywhere "up" 's to be heard;
We wet up and set up,
But hanged if we let up
On "up," the much overworked word.

March 6, 1886

A WESTERN BOY'S LAMENT

I WISH 'T I lived away down East, where
codfish salt the sea,
And where the folks have pumpkin pie and
apple-sass for tea.
Us boys who 's livin' here out West don't
get more 'n half a show;
We don't have nothin' else to do but jest to
sort of grow.

Oh, if I was a bird I 'd fly a million miles
away
To where they feed their boys on pork and
beans three times a day;
To where the place they call the Hub gives
out its shiny spokes,
And where the folks — so father says — is
mostly women-folks.

March 26, 1886

HUMANITY

THE big-eyed baby, just across the way,
Longs for the moon and reaches out
to clasp it;
He lunges at the crescent cold and gray,
And waxes wroth to find he cannot grasp
it.

Be hushed, O babe, and give thy grief a rest;
Better a thousand times for thee to ponder
Upon the lacteal wealth of mother's breast
Than reach for that vain Milky Way up
yonder.

Yet am I like this man of recent birth
That lets a foolish disappointment fret it;
Scorning the sky, I 'm reaching for the earth,
And grunt and groan because I do not
get it.

April 12, 1886

WITH THE "SAINTS AND SINNERS"

Announcement of Sale of Pews

THERE will be a sale of pews in the Saints' and Sinners' corner at McClurg's immediately after the regular noontime service next Wednesday. The Archbishop of the North Side will conduct the sale, and successful bidders will be entitled to the use of the pews and of the catalogues and other worldly and spiritual perquisites thereunto and therewith belonging and accruing for the Christian year. There will also be raffled off at the same time one unique, uncut papier-maché trunk, 28 × 15, London, N. D., well bound with antique iron and unknown to Lowndes. Said trunk has been the property of the Rev. F. M. Bristol, and has, in

its time, comprehended divers most precious articles of bibliomaniac lore. It has stood for several months in the southwest corner of McClurg's store, over against the steam-heater, and hard by the old-print table. Last Thursday morning Mr. Bristol entered the store in a fever of anticipation, hastened to the trunk, and threw back the cover, only to find that no coveted relic had been left by the Christmas saint.

"I don't believe there is any such person as Santa Claus!" cried Mr. Bristol, and forthwith he delivered over the trunk into the hands of the Philistines, to be sold at a public vendue.

December 27, 1890

First Annual Sale of Pews

As early as nine o'clock yesterday morning did those hopelessly misguided creatures known as bibliomaniacs begin to assemble at McClurg's. People passing to and fro wondered wherefore the congregation. To such as made inquiry the small boy with the big shock of hair at the south portal vouchsafed the information that pews were to be sold in

the Saints' and Sinners' corner, and that it was with a view of purchasing that the number of motley maniacs had assembled.

The Rev. Frank M. Bristol was the first at hand. He must have sat up all night. According to the statement of the watchman, he was stationed at the south portal as early as three o'clock in the morning, and did not desert that post of vantage until the door was opened at eight o'clock by the person who swept out. Herein we find a justification for that symbol which appears upon Mr. Bristol's book-plate—a bright-blue eye, aspectant, and bordered with the legend, "It Never Sleeps," although the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, who is perhaps envious of his fellow-maniac's success, has suggested as a more appropriate motto a free translation of Giraldus's famous line: "Eternal vigilance is the price of many a snap."

The sale began at half-past ten, but it ended almost as soon as it began, for Mr. George M. Millard had no sooner stated the conditions of the proposed vendue than Mr. Bristol arose and apprised the company that there could be no sale, for the reason that

he had secured from General McClurg an option on all the pews for the next thirty days! This produced a great sensation, and Mr. Slason Thompson, boiling over with indignation, declared that if Mr. Bristol and General McClurg intended to form a trust on pews, they must expect to feel the castigatory torments of the nimble pen and the sarcastic pencil wielded by the facile editor of America.

"Have you a contract with General McClurg?" asked Mr. Franklin H. Head, addressing the famous Methodist divine.

"I have," said Mr. Bristol.

"Where is it?" inquired a dozen voices.

"In the trunk," answered Mr. Bristol, pointing to the modest leathern receptacle that stood in the corner near the steam-heater.

"So far as I can see, gentlemen," said Mr. Millard, "the reverend gentleman from the South Side has the cinch on you, and there can be no sale until he relinquishes the prerogatives and rights involved in his option. This is not the first time the reverend gentleman has dealt in options. He once

secured from me an option on George Washington's copy of Robert Burns's poems. The option was for ten days, but the reverend gentleman finally let it go, and he has regretted it ever since. He will not be likely to relinquish this option on the pews." [Groans.]

Mr. O. F. Carpenter remarked that this was not the first time that the eminent divine had got the bulge on the boys. However, he could not help congratulating him on the success of his finesse. But was it not true that, while the pew question was temporarily out of the way, there were other matters quite as important to be disposed of? There were momentous subjects to be discussed, and new and portentous plans to be adopted to the spread of the malady to which so many, yet by no means a sufficient number, had already fallen victim.

Dr. William F. Poole applauded the suggestion so delicately conveyed by the words of the gentleman from South Evanston. Something heroic should be done to stem the tide of heresy that was sweeping over the land. The future was, he said, most dis-

heartening to contemplate. Superstition had gradually been losing its hold upon the minds of the people until, at the present time, there was nowhere in our once beautiful country a well-grounded belief in witches, succubi, hippogriffs, flubduds, and the like. The venerable gentleman wished that the good old days of the Mathers might return. Those were, indeed, happy, golden, halcyon times, when real witches rode around on broomsticks and beautiful innocent girls were roasted to death in public places.

"There is," remarked Dr. Poole, "but one remedy for the growing evil of the present —but one weapon with which to combat the bigotry and prejudice of progress. It is bibliomania. [Great applause.] The subtlest of all lymphs, the most searching, the most pervasive, and the most enduring. The young must be inoculated with the germs of this felicitous virus. Upon the young do we depend for the advancement of the cause, and, therefore, among the young must we disseminate the seeds of the dear distemper!" [Applause.]

Mr. Charles J. Barnes did not take the discouraging view reflected by Dr. Poole. He said that his observation during the last year had convinced him that the mania for books on Mormonism had increased to a notable degree. He was rather sorry for it, too, because the price of those books had advanced accordingly.

"I am free to confess," said Mr. Barnes, "that while I am anxious that other phases of bibliomania should spread, I am much more anxious that the phases in which I am interested should be restricted until I secure all the books I want. [Cries of "That 's right!" "That 's the correct spirit!"] I have figures to prove," continued Mr. Barnes, "that in the year 1890 there were three conversions to the mania of Mormon-collecting right here in Chicago. So, while I rejoice that there is a growth of disease, I regret that the growth is in that specific direction where I should like to suffer alone."

"I cannot answer for witchcraft or Mormonism," said the venerable John Lyle King. "These things do not appeal to me. I regard them as altogether puerile and un-

dignified. But I am prepared to say that in the department of angling literature most gratifying progress has been made in the year just about to close. I myself have had the satisfaction of expiscating from the great sea of humanity a superb string of converts, and each is now supplied with his Walton, which he reads every night before he goes to bed. We do not go fishing, for that would be commonplace and degrading. We have the theory and the history and the poetry of angling at our tongues' ends, and far be it from us to dull our enthusiasm with the brutal farce of experience."

Mr. R. M. Whipple cordially indorsed the views expressed by Mr. King. "Next to my Walton," said he, solemnly, "I venerate that wondrous work of imagination, the immortal King's book about fishing on the Brule. I am aware that Mr. King penned that glorious book in the gloom of his law office, with a Rand & McNally map before him and a glass jar of codfish standing on a commode hard by. I am also aware that Mr. King never went fishing, and cannot tell salt codfish from pompano. But these

things simply confirm my admiration of the man, and assure me that that must be a surpassing sport indeed which, without the benefits of practical experience, has inspired the fancy to the performance of such realistic literary prodigies."

MR. MILLARD—Gentlemen, I find in one of our books, which is priced "rp.," or, in other words, twenty-one dollars net,—I find in this volume a slip of paper evidently inserted by some one of your number. Upon this slip of paper is written this pathetic quatrain:

> Sweet friends, for Mercy's sake forbeare
> To buye ys booke thou findest heere;
> For when that I doe get ye pelfe,
> I mean to buye ys booke myselfe.

I do not know the author of this touching appeal, but I desire to bespeak for him your charity and forbearance. Please do not discourage him by buying the book from under his insane nose. Give him a chance, I pray you.

MR. BRISTOL—I should like an option on the book. [Cries of "No, no!"]

"That would hardly be fair," said Mr.

Millard. "Suppose we give our anonymous brother a reasonable time in which to borrow twenty-one dollars and secure the prize he covets."

"I think I know the author of those lines," said Mr. Bristol. "Unless I am seriously mistaken, he is the man who came in here one day and bought a volume of Martial's 'Epigrams,' which I meant to buy when the price got down low enough. I am prompted by no wicked thirst for revenge. I simply wish to get even with that man under the Mosaic law."

"I wish to ask for information," said Dr. E. S. Lane: "whether it be true, as rumored, that the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus has written an anonymous autobiography entitled 'The Bibliomaniac of the Bad Lands.' I am collecting biography and travel, and am anxious to stock up on Arizona literature."

DR. GUNSAULUS—It is not true. I am done with Arizona. Some time ago I bought a hundred and sixty-five acres out there and sowed it with wheat. My intention was to sell the wheat to Brother Phil Armour to fatten hogs. Last summer they had rain in

Arizona for the first time in eight hundred years. It rained twenty-one days incessantly. The result was that my hundred and sixty-five acres were floated off on the next quarter-section, and I find that if I want to keep possession of that property, which I entered as agricultural land, I must go to work now and enter it as mineral land, for its character is entirely changed. I repeat that I am done with Arizona. I am also done with bibliomania and with extra-illustration, and with every like and collateral folly. [Applause.]

DR. POOLE—I like to hear the reverend gentleman talk that way. To quit is one of the symptoms of bibliomania. When once the maniac reaches the point of announcing sporadically that he is done with his madness we know that he has indeed reached the incurable stage. Suppose, now, we hear a few more encouraging confessions. Is it true that Brother Stryker has quit extra-illustrating?

THE REV. DR. STRYKER—It is not true. I am simply thinking of quitting. But I have heard that Brother Bristol had quit.

MR. E. G. MASON—Can it be, reverend sir, that you have reformed?

MR. BRISTOL—Yes, I no longer indulge in the vice of tearing pictures out of books. I tear the books away from the pictures. [Great applause.]

DR. STRYKER—One of the pet lambs of my flock is about to ask for distinguished recognition at the hands of the Illinois Legislature. He is also one of our number—the Hon. Charles B. Farwell, bibliomaniac and collector of old Bibles and psalmodies. I think that we ought to send a committee to Springfield to further his interest by means of every honorable effort.

No objection being raised, such committee was appointed, with this membership: William Henry Smith, W. F. Poole, Dr. Stryker, B. T. Cable, and W. J. Onahan. This committee was authorized to pay its own expenses, securing, if possible, the discount invariably allowed to the trade. A vote of confidence in Senator Farwell was given amid much enthusiasm, and Dr. Stryker produced and read a telegram from the senator in Washington, thanking his

friends for their unsolicited and cordial approval.

MR. SLASON THOMPSON—"*Resolved*, That reading in bed is potently efficacious to the inducement of sleep." Referred to Franklin H. Head, emeritus professor of insomnia.

DR. GUNSAULUS—I think that we ought to determine now, once for all, where Brother Cable belongs. He has just been elected to Congress, and is going to put through an international copyright measure that will make every author a Crœsus. When he has done this, divers locations will be claiming him for their very own. It is even now variously stated that his home is in Paris, in Rock Island, and in Texas. Let us settle these differences, my brothers.

MR. CABLE (*rising amid applause*)—Gentlemen, it is with the most torturesome diffidence that I address to you my maiden speech, which shall be in the nature of a confession. [Mr. Bristol: "Go on, brother; go on!"] I am the incarnation of the Genius of Adaptability. That is why I seem properly to belong to so many different places. I am a cosmopolite in bibliomania. My

madness covers everything from missals down to chap-books, and from paper-backed novels up to the hand-painted tomes of the fourteenth century. As in my mania, so am I a cosmopolite in the walks of life. I am equally at ease in the gilded cafés at Paris, in the husky railway eating-houses of Illinois, and in the gloomy 'dobe of the Texan frontiersman.

Proceeding, Mr. Cable said that a wise, prudent discrimination characterized his movements to and fro in the pursuit of his bibliomaniacal way. In Rome he did as the Romans do. For example, he was wont to appear upon the boulevards of Paris with his feet snugly incased in patent-leather gaiters. On the other hand, he found cowhide boots the proper wear for Rock Island, while, whenever he visited Texas, he deemed it wise to do away with gaiters, boots, and socks altogether, and to go barefooted. After further discussion Dr. Poole submitted the following epigram as a scholarly and reasonable solution of the vexed matter:

Me Rock Island effectavit;
Me Paris delectavit;
Me Texas electavit.

After the appointment of the standing committees for 1891 the assemblage adjourned.

January 1, 1891

Dr. Poole's Treatise on Doughnuts

[Extract from Mr. Field's fictitious report of "the meeting of Saints and Sinners at the Corner (in McClurg's book-store) yesterday"]

MR. MILLARD—By the way, a gentleman came to me a day or two ago and asked me to advertise for a certain rare old book he wanted. The title, as he gave it, and as it is given by Allibone, is "A Learned but Modest Treatise Showing the Exceeding Pleasantness and Profitableness of Doughnuts, and Proving to all Good Men's Satisfaction that the Nut Cake is a Modern, Unholy, Heretical, and Profane Instrument, Invented by the Devil for his Own Diabolical Delectation and Uses, and to the Temporal Discomfort and Eternal Perdition of Mankind. By William F. Poole, A.M. Boston, 1853."

DR. POOLE—Sakes alive! I thought everybody had forgotten about that. I wrote that tract when I was a boy. I 'd give a good deal to have a copy of it now. It was a

sixteenmo, and was bound in pale yellow paper covers. The tract was inspired by a maiden aunt of mine who lived in Salem—Miss Seraphina Prudence Poole. She used to make the best doughnuts ever put into human stomach.

MR. MILLARD—The gentleman who wants this curious little book told me that he once saw a copy in the Massachusetts Historical Society. He remembers to have been particularly impressed with a little poem that appeared in the body of the work. He repeated one stanza—the only one he could recall:

"The chestnut, hickory, butternut,
The walnut and the beech,
Are products of New England soil
And very toothsome each.
But oh, the doughnut most of all
Shall I devoutly prize
Till I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies!"

DR. POOLE—Well, now, I should like to know who it is that wants that old first publication of mine. Is n't it singular how we go through the world, many of us ig-

norant that we have friends and admirers all about us? There is an unknown and modest, though none the less zealous, admirer who is undoubtedly collecting all my books—Pooliana you 'd call it, I suppose. Should you mind telling me his name?

MR. MILLARD—Oh, no; there was no secrecy enjoined. It was the Hon. Elihalet W. Blatchford.

March 26, 1891

THE WHITE HOUSE BALLADS

KING GROVER CRAVES PIE

KING GROVER at his table round
Sate feasting once, and there was sound
Of good things said and sly;
When presently King Grover spake:
"A murrain seize this futile cake—
Come, Daniel, pass the pie!"

Then quoth Sir Daniel, flaming hot:
"Pie hath not been in Camelot
Since Arthur was our King;
Soothly, I ween, 't were vain to make
Demand for pie where there is cake,
For pie 's a ribald thing!"

"Despite King Arthur's rash decree,
Which ill beseemeth mine and me,"
King Grover answered flat,
"I will have pie three times a day—
Let dotards cavil as they may—
And pumpkin pie at that!"

Then, frowning a prodigious frown,
Sir Daniel pulled his visor down,
And, with a mighty sigh,
Out strode he to the kitchen, where
He bade the varlet slaves prepare
Three times each day a pie.

Thenceforth King Grover was content,
And all his reign in peace was spent;
And when 't was questioned why
He waxed so hale, and why, the while,
The whole domain was free from guile,
He simply answered, "Pie."

April 21, 1886

SISTER ROSE'S SUSPICIONS

"WHAT of these tidings, Grover dear,
That are reported far and near
Upon suspicion's breath?
And is it true, as eke 't is said,
That you have made your mind to wed?"
Quoth Rose Elizabeth.

With that his conscience smote him sore—
He cast his eyes upon the floor,
  But not a word he saith.
Then did she guess his secret flame;
In sooth she was a crafty dame,
  Was Rose Elizabeth.

She flaunted out into the hall
In grievous wrath and tears withal,
  Did Rose Elizabeth;
And when he saw her grewsome rage
That no entreaties could assuage,
  He fiercely muttered, "'S death!"

April 24, 1886

THE WEDDING-DAY

OH, hand me down my spike-tail coat
  And reef my waistband in,
And tie this necktie round my throat
  And fix my bosom-pin;
I feel so weak and flustered like,
  I don't know what to say—
For I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,
  I 'm to be wedded to-day!

Put double sentries at the doors
  And pull the curtains down,
And tell the Democratic bores
  That I am out of town:
It 's funny folks hain't decency
  Enough to stay away
When I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,
  I 'm to be wedded to-day!

The bride, you say, is calm and cool
  In satin robes of white.
Well, I am stolid, as a rule,
  But now I 'm flustered quite;
Upon a surging sea of bliss
  My soul is borne away,
For I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,
  I 'm to be wedded to-day!

May 2, 1886

THE TYING OF THE TIE

NOW was Sir Grover passing wroth.
  "A murrain seize the man," he quoth,
  "Who first invented ties!
Egad, they are a grievous bore,
And tying of them vexeth sore
  A person of my size!"

Lo, at his feet upon the floor
Were sprent the neckties by the score,
  And collars all a-wreck;
And good Sir Grover's cheeks were flame,
And good Sir Grover's arms were lame
  With wrestling at his neck.

But much it joyed him when he heard
Sir Daniel say: "I fain will gird
  Your necktie on for you,
As 't will not cause you constant fear
Of bobbing round beneath your ear
  Or setting you askew."

Sir Daniel grasped one paltry tie
And, with a calm, heroic eye
  And confidential air
(As who should say, "Odds bobs, I vow
There 's nothing like the knowing how"),
  He mounted on a chair.

And whilst Sir Grover raised his chin
(For much he did respect the pin)

SHARPS AND FLATS

Sir Daniel tied the tie,
The which when good Sir Grover viewed—
Albeit it belike a dude—
He heaved a grateful sigh.

May 3, 1886

THE KISSING OF THE BRIDE

AND when at last, with priestly pray'r
And music mingling in the air,
The nuptial knot was tied,
Sir Grover, flaming crimson red,
"Soothly, it is my mind," he said,
"That I salute the bride!"

Whereat upon her virgin cheek,
So smooth, so plump, and comely eke,
He did implant a smack
So lusty that the walls around
Gave such an echo to the sound
As they had like to crack.

No modern salutation this,
No mincing, maudlin Mugwump kiss,

To chill a bride's felicity;
Exploding on her blushing cheek,
Its virile clamor did bespeak
Arcadian simplicity.

May 3, 1886

THE CUTTING OF THE CAKE

SIR GROVER quoth: "Let each one here
Of soups and wine and sumptuous cheer
Most heartily partake;
And whilst you are thus well employed,
I ween my consort will be joyed
To cut the bridal cake!"

Then saith the bride, as courtesying low:
"There is no sweeter task, I trow,
Than which is now my life,
To do thy will, my liege; so I
Would fain with thy request comply
If I but had a knife."

Thereat of shining blades a score
Leaped from their knightly sheaths before

You could have counted two;
As each brave knight right humbly prayed
The lady to accept his blade
Wherewith her will to do.

But Lady Frances shook her head
And with sweet dignity she said:
"None other's blade I 'll take
Save his who hath my rev'rence won —
My pole-star and my central sun —
And his shall cut the cake!"

Then did Sir Grover bend him to
His trousers pockets, whence he drew
A jack-knife, big and fat,
The which he gave into her hand,
Whereat the others murmured, and
They marvelled much thereat.

But when the cake was cut, the rest
Made proper hurry to attest
In knightly phrase emphatic
How that the cake was passing nice,
And how the blade that cleft each slice
Was truly democratic.

May 4, 1886

THE PASSING OF THE COMPLIMENT

EFTSOONS the priest had made his say,
The courtly knights and ladies gay
Did haste from every side,
With honeyed words and hackneyed phrase
And dainty smiles withal, to praise
Sir Grover's blushing bride.

Out spake the courtly Sir Lamar:
"Of all fair brides, you, lady, are
The fairest I have seen;
Not only of this castle grand,
But of all hearts throughout the land,
Are you acknowledged queen!"

Whereat the Lady Frances bowed;
And rapturous murmurs in the crowd
Did presently attest
That of the chestnuts uttered there
This chestnut was without compare —
Foredating all the rest.

May 4, 1886

THREE DAYS IN SPRINGTIME

I

ON such a day as this old Notting Wood
Made gentle answer from her secret glades
Unto the tumult of the lusty blades
That owned no liege save merry Robin Hood.
Deep in the haunts of velvet doe and buck
Lolled gallant Will and pursy Friar Tuck,
Quaffing brown ale but last October brewed.
Whilst of his flame the amorous Allen troll'd,
Upon the sward beyond, 'mid blithesome shouts
That mocked each broken pate, the yeoman bold
Plied their stout quarter-staffs in bloody bouts.

Apart from all the rest, good Robin lay,
And sorely grieved that, lo, for many a day
The varlet sheriff had not rode that way.

II

On such a day as this the Nazarene
  Came from his lowly fisher home and stood
  Upon the shore of restless Galilee;
And as he viewed the ever-changing scene,
  He heard the breezes whisper to the sea
  How they had come that morning from a wood,
Where, in the warmth of springtime, all was green;
  How they had lingered there in furtive mood;
  How they had kissed a crucifixion tree
That angels guarded; and the listening One
  Bowed down His head in sweet humility.
"Father, Thy will," He cried, "not mine, be done."

Then sped the vernal breezes, fair and free,
To bear the tidings back to Calvary.

April 26, 1886

SAG HARBOR

THREE authors stood upon the beach
And watched the fishing-smacks heave to;
As far as human eye could reach,
Swept one expanse of saline blue.
First Hawthorne spoke: "While ebbs the tide,
Suppose we three a-fishing go?"
"'T is well," the white-haired Stoddard cried.
"Amen," quoth Reverend E. P. Roe.

"'Neath yonder hedge, where burdocks blow
And chirps the cricket to his mate,
Methinks the plethoric gentles grow;
Come, let us dig a few for bait."

Thus big, strong Julian Hawthorne said;
  But with a smile that answered "No,"
The dear old Stoddard shook his head;
  And quoth to Reverend E. P. Roe:

"Although, assuredly, I am
  Unlearn'd in piscatorial lore,
I mind me that the modest clam
  Beats all your bait that grows ashore;
Still care I not, and you, friend Roe,
  Shall name the bait and fix the terms;
So now decide before we go—
  Shall it be clams or angleworms?"

"'T is not for such a wretch as I
  To say what shall or shall not be,
For He who heeds the raven's cry
  Will care, in His good time, for me.
Whether upon the ocean tides
  Or by the water-brooks I go,
I 'll take the bait the Lord provides!"
  Remarked the Reverend E. P. Roe.

July 3, 1886

THE 5TH OF JULY

THE sun climbs up, but still the tyrant Sleep
Holds fast our baby boy in his embrace;
The slumb'rer sighs, anon athwart his face
Faint, half-suggested frowns like shadows creep.
One little hand lies listless on his breast,
One little thumb sticks up with mute appeal,
While motley burns and powder-marks reveal
The fruits of boyhood's patriotic zest.

Our baby's faithful poodle crouches near;
He, too, is weary of the din and play
That come with glorious Independence Day,
But which, thank God! come only once a year!

And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,
Which once a year right noisily obtains;
For Fido's tail — or what thereof remains —
Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

July 7, 1886

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS

I

FROM the land of logs and peaches
  Came a callow jay-bird dressed
In homespun coat and breeches
  And a gaudy velvet vest;
His eyes were red and wistful,
  And he gawped a rural stare,
Yet, withal, he had a fistful
  Of the stuff that speeds the mare.

II

9 to 4.

III

Confound the tarnal tallies
  That mulct the callow jay!
Confound the sharp that dallies
  With Detroit's wealth to-day!

Confound the fate that teaches
  The jay to warble low!
But bless the land of peaches
  Where the royal suckers grow!

July 9, 1886

IN PRAISE OF TRUTH AND SIMPLICITY IN SONG

OH, for the honest, blithesome times
Of bosky Sherwood long ago,
When Allen trolled his amorous rhymes
And Robin twanged his crafty bow;
When Little John and Friar Tuck
Traversed the greenwood far and near,
Feasting on many a royal buck
Washed down with brown October beer!

Beside their purling sylvan rills,
What knew these yeomen bold and free
Of envious cares and grewsome ills
That now, sweet friend, vex you and me?
Theirs but to roam the leafy glade,
Beshrewing sheriffs, lords, and priests,
To loll supine beneath the shade,
Regaling monarchs with their feasts.

The murrain seize these ribald times
  When there is such a lust for gold
That poets fashion all their rhymes,
  Like varlet tradesfolk, to be sold!
Not so did Allen when he troll'd
  His ballads in that merry glade;
Nay, in those courteous days of old
  The minstrel spurned the tricks of trade!

So, joyous friend, when you and I
  Sing to the world our chosen theme,
Let 's do as do the birds that fly
  Careless o'er woodland, wold, and stream:
Sing Nature's song, untouched of art—
  Sing of the forest, brook, and plain;
And, hearing it, each human heart
  Will vibrate with the sweet refrain.

August 16, 1886

THE FOOL

A FOOL, when plagued by fleas by night,
Quoth: "Since these neighbors so despite me,
I think I will put out the light
And then they cannot see to bite me!"

November 26, 1886

TO THE LADYE JULIA

On her X birthday. Belle semper eadem

PUELLA PULCHRA

TIME, by Julia's face enchanted,
Made with Love a bargain rare;
These the terms that Eros granted
In the interest of his fair:
When old Chronos, in his yearly
Round, must visit beauty's queen,
Love should turn the glass, while idly
Time would bask beneath her een—
Julia being then sweet 'steen.

UXOR PULCHRIOR

Cupid, cunning rogue, delighted
At the chance to cheat his foe,
Bound the pact with kisses plighted—
This was several years ago.

Of the scheme no doubt that you 'll u-
  Nite in saying: "Well we ween
'Gainst the charms of Ladye Julia
  Love 's put time in quarantine—
  Julia 'll always be sweet 'steen!"

MATRE PULCHERRIMA

Since, in all the white Decembers,
  For this day doth Chronos yearn;
Love sets the glass, then straight remem-
    bers
  Back the dial's hand to turn.
So old Tempus, edax rerum,
  May not mar the peerless sheen
Of her beauty. Dixi verum.
  This is why I envy . . .—
  Julia 's always lovely 'steen!

THE DOCTOR.

December 14, 1886

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT OATHS

THER ben a knyghte, Sir Hoten hight,
That on a time did swere
In mighty store othes mickle sore,
Which grieved his wiffe to here.

Soth, whenne she scofft, his wiffe did oft
Swere as a ladye may;
"I' faith," "I' sooth, or "lawk," in truth,
Ben alle that wiffe wold say.

Soe whenne her goodman waxed him wood
She mervailed much to here
The hejeous sound of othes full round
The which her lord did swere.

"Now, pray thee, speke and tell me eke
What thing hath vexed thee soe?"
The wiffe she cried; but hee replied
By swereing moe and moe.

He sweren zounds which be Gog's wounds,
By bright Marie and Gis,
By sweit Sanct Ann and holle Tan,
And by Bryde's bell, ywis;

By holle grails, by 'slids and 'snails,
By old Sanct Dunstan bauld,
The Virgin faire that Him did beare,
By Him that Judas sauld;

By Arthure's sword, by Paynim horde,
By holie modyr's teir,
By Cokis breath, by Zooks and 'sdeath,
And by Sanct Swithen deir;

By divells alle, both greate and smalle,
And all in hell there be,
By bread and salt, and by Gog's malt,
And by the blody tree;

By Him that worn the crown of thorn,
  And by the sun and mone,
By deir Sanct Blane and Sanct Fillane,
  And three kings of Cologne;

By the gude Lord and His sweit word,
  By him that herryit hell,
By blessed Jude, by holie Rude,
  And eke by Gad himsel'!

He sweren soe (and mickle moe)
  It made man's flesch to creepen;
The air ben blue with his ado,
  And sore his wiffe ben wepen.

Giff you wold know why sweren soe
  The good man hight Sir Hoten,
He ben full wroth because, in soth,
  He leesed his coler boten.

March 1, 1887

FICTION IN THE VERISIMILITUDE OF FACT

Dakota's Significant Coat of Arms

DAKOTA has adopted a coat of arms. It represents a hand holding four aces and a king. At the right is a horse-pistol rampant, while at the left appears a jack-rabbit couchant. Below is the Latin motto, "Nil straitorum tolerabit," which, freely translated, means, "No straights allowed." Thus, within the compass of an ordinary coat of arms is every industry of this great and growing Territory illustrated.

October 13, 1883

Mr. Ochiltree's Wonderful Eyes

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS P. OCHILTREE has the most wonderful eyes in the English

language. They are of a pallid blue color, and are set in his head so peculiarly as to induce the suspicion that Mr. Ochiltree was born in the middle of the week and was looking both ways for Sunday. This tangent obliquity of the gifted Texan's ocular organs gives the possessor inestimable advantages over his fellow-congressmen, and we are proud to know that he improves these advantages. Mr. Ochiltree's desk in the Hall of Representatives occupies a central position, with the Republican side to its right and the Democratic side to its left. When Mr. Ochiltree rises in his place to lift up his voice in eloquential periods, both Democrats and Republicans flatter themselves that the inspired Texan is addressing his remarks especially to them, for while his left eye beams genially upon the Democratic majority, his right eye rolls complacently over the Republican minority. In the meantime, the Speaker, who occupies a seat directly ahead of Mr. Ochiltree, is frequently at a loss to know whether Mr. Ochiltree is directing his eloquence at Old Man Eaton's fob-chain or Jim Belford's dishevelled neck-

tie, and this doubt occasionally gives rise to embarrassing complications. A further advantage with which this eccentricity of his orbs possesses Mr. Ochiltree is the ability to regard an importunate constituent with a cold, remorseful stare, and at the same time cast upon a pretty girl on the other side of the street a look fairly reeking with languishing passion. At the friendly poker-table, too, Mr. Ochiltree is enabled to quietly compare his three sevens with his neighbor's queen full on nines, and this, too, without craning his neck or resorting to other devices peculiar to the truly accomplished Texas gentleman.

And Mr. Ochiltree's eyes are remarkable in other respects. In the expression of the passions they have been equalled by few and surpassed by none. But it is their obliquity which makes them of especial value, thereby illustrating the immense advantage over the rest of us who drive eyes abreast that man enjoys who is endowed by a kindly nature with the power of driving his eyes tandem.

March 26, 1884

Discourse on the Poetry of Dr. Watts

OUR valued fellow-townsman Mr. F. L. Blake tells us that he was considerably interested by our remarks recently on the subject of Dr. Isaac Watts's poetry. Such an interest, in fact, did our words awaken that, upon reading them, Mr. Blake threw aside the paper, went to his bookcase, and took down an old volume of Watts's hymns and poems. He had not read the volume in many years, and sweet were the memories that came to him as he thumbed over the musty pages. "Still," says he, "I cannot agree with you when you speak of Dr. Watts's verse as 'quaint, simple poetry.' One of the first hymns I struck was a recital of the joys of the redeemed, and I shuddered when I read this stanza:

> "'In heaven above, among the blest,
> What mortal tongue can tell
> The joys of saints when looking down
> On damnèd souls in hell?'

I don't believe you really think that this is 'quaint, simple poetry.'"

Few men have been more read and less understood than Dr. Isaac Watts. He was in many particulars a remarkable man. Old Sam Johnson described him as a little man not more than five feet tall, with an austere expression and a deep, resonant voice. Watts was always more or less of a valetudinarian. He was unwise enough, at the age of twenty-five, to hire himself to Sir John Hartopp of Stoke Newington as tutor to Sir John's children—a lad named Ralph, aged sixteen, and a girl named Delia, aged eighteen. The care which this engagement involved so seriously impaired Watts's health that he was never thereafter a robust man. Ralph Hartopp was a wild boy, and Delia, the girl, appears to have been a rather flippant miss. There dwelt in Stoke Newington at this time one Richard Steele, a reckless but bright fellow, who fell in love with Delia Hartopp, and by his attentions gave Tutor Watts grave uneasiness, for Watts recognized in Steele a "godless young man, given over to the vanities and frivolities of the world." Steele had a friend named Addison, —Joseph Addison,—a taciturn young man,

who exhibited a fondness for sitting around in ale-houses and at street-corners, merely for the purpose of watching people and of hearing them talk. This Addison had one ambition, and that was to print a satirical daily paper in London, and he calculated that when his friend Steele married Sir John Hartopp's daughter Sir John himself would advance the capital necessary to set Steele and Addison up in the newspaper business. So, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, Addison helped Steele with his wooing of Sir John's pretty daughter.

We can imagine how grievously Steele and Addison tormented Tutor Watts. Both were shrewd and witty, had seen much of the world, and were keen satirists of human character. When it got to them that Watts was in the habit of writing "religious and moral poems for the better guidance and wiser admonition" of his pupils, they set themselves to writing poems too, and these poems they cast in Watts's way, and right often was the good man grievously scandalized thereby. One of these poems, which appears to have been the work of Steele and

Addison conjointly, has come down to posterity under the ostentatious title of "The Redemption of Mistress Prudence, Told in Rhyme for the Better Understanding of Our Sovereign Beauty, the Fair Delia." These lines, thus addressed to Delia Hartopp, were as follows:

Behold our Prudence in her prime,
As meek and fair a dame as any—
Yet was she tempted in her time,
As tempted are, alas! too many.
Satin and silken gowns had she,
Feathers and ribbons, plumes and laces—
Vain gewgaws fetched across the sea
From divers godless foreign places.

Thereat her foolish, wicked pride
Did vaunt itself to such condition
That she did constantly deride
Her gentle tutor's admonition.
In vain he reasoned with the maid;
In fashion's way she strode undaunted,
And all the more her tutor prayed,
Why, all the more her plumes she flaunted.

At last, however, waxing sick
Of worldly praise and admiration,
She felt her quickened conscience prick,
And straightway sought her soul's salvation.

And when she saw, through tearful eyes,
How nearly Satan's darts had miss'd her,
She doffed her dazzling flummeries
And gave them to her younger sister.

It is narrated that these verses shocked Tutor Watts beyond all telling, and we can believe it. Sir John Hartopp was a jolly old fellow, immensely proud of his children, and confident that after the wildness natural to youth toned down they would be a credit to their family. Sir John simply laughed at these verses and others that poor Watts brought to him as the work of "those evil-minded young men." It appears that the conscientious tutor got very little sympathy from his employer.

The following lines, said to have been instigated by Richard Steele, were found in Ralph Hartopp's copy-book one morning:

THE HUMANE LAD

Why should a naughty, froward boy
The harmless little fly assail,
Or why his precious time employ
At pulling faithful Rover's tail?

Where'er I go, each living thing
  Has its predestined place to fill,
And naught that moves on foot or wing
  Was made for boys to vex or kill.

The little fly, howe'er so frail,
  Was made on Rover's tail to prey,
And faithful Rover's honest tail
  Was made to brush the flies away.

So let each bird and beast enjoy
  The vain, brief life which God has giv'n,
Whilst I my youthful hours employ
  In works that fit the soul for heav'n.

Yet, however much Dick Steele and his friend enjoyed the business of satirizing Tutor Watts's poems, they occasionally let slip verse that not only served to assuage the tutor's anger, but also redounded to their own credit. It was Watts's custom to take his pupils for a walk every pleasant day, and during these walks he was wont to discourse upon profitable topics. The following lines, written under date of July 21, 1697, are supposed to have been addressed to Ralph and Delia Hartopp by Tutor Watts,

but Dr. Johnson pronounces them "clearly the work of Joseph Addison":

A NOONTIDE HYMN

Come, gentle pupils, let us kneel
  Beneath this tree upon the sod,
And, mindful of our sin, appeal
  Unto the good and gracious God.

Look out upon the fruitful wold,
  And see the ripening grain upraise
Its bursting tops of green and gold
  Unto the sky in silent praise.

The winds are hush'd, the fields are still,
  The brooks that babbled sink to rest;
A holy reverence seems to thrill
  Creation's vast responsive breast.

It is the solemn noontide hour,
  When grateful Nature everywhere
Acknowledges the heavenly pow'r
  In one still, universal pray'r.

So let us kneel upon the sod
  And, with His works before our face,
Commend our souls anew to God
  And crave His sanctifying grace.

At another time, in evident imitation of Watts's style,—though the imitation is not

particularly clever,—Steele framed an evening hymn, the original manuscript of which is still preserved, we believe, among the Hartopp collection in the British Museum:

AN EVENING HYMN

Pardon the evil I have done
  To Thee, O Lord, this day;
Vouchsafe Thy blessed peace to one
  Who seeks the heavenly way.

As turns the truant to his home,
  When sore and sick is he,
So, penitent and weak, I come,
  And give my soul to Thee.

'T is Thine, dear Lord, and, if Thou wilt,
  Protect it thro' this night;
Or, cleansing it of all its guilt,
  Take it to realms of light.

Though o'er the sea and on the land
  The raging storms may sweep,
Rocked in the hollow of Thy hand
  Shall I securely sleep.

I may not know another day,
  Nor see the morrow's sun—
Still, clinging to Thy knees, I pray,
  "Father, Thy will be done."

Verses of this kind were not objectionable in the eyes of Tutor Watts, but we can imagine how outraged he felt when he discovered that the following stanzas were being circulated in Stoke Newington as a poem from his pen:

THE MERCIFUL LAD

Through all my life the poor shall find
  In me a constant friend,
And on the weak of every kind
  My mercy shall attend.

The dumb shall never call on me
  In vain for kindly aid,
And in my hands the blind shall see
  A bounteous alms displayed.

In all their walks the lame shall know
  And feel my goodness near,
And on the deaf will I bestow
  My gentlest words of cheer.

'T is by such pious works as these—
  Which I delight to do—
That men their fellow-creatures please,
  And please their Maker too.

Touching the stanza which Mr. Blake quotes for our consideration, we will say that it is quaint and simple. Its meaning is clear, and its language is forcible. It expresses in four lines what the average poet could not or would not tell in ten times four lines. Yet we do not believe that Dr. Watts wrote it.

October 6, 1886

In Praise of Ancient Fishing-Tackle

IT was a valuable lesson. It taught Mr. Harper what all must learn who go fishing nowadays. And when Mr. Harper read us a little poem which he had composed since his return from Okoboji, we insisted upon a copy for publication:

The painted hook and gilded fly
  Are but a hollow sham;
They serve to please the human eye,
  But are not worth a damn.

When I invade a pickerel hole
  Or seek a trouting-brook,
I 'll take along an alder-pole
  And use a Limerick hook.

Of stylish tackle fair to see
Let modern sportsmen prate,
But leave the modest bob to me,
With angleworms for bait.

July 22, 1885

The Story of a Needle

WE notice that an Iowa woman has created a sensation by having a doctor take out of her ankle a pin which she dropped in her ear thirteen years ago. This is nothing to a story John Holland, the directory man, tells us. He says that before he left England, twenty-seven years ago, he ran a needle into his foot, and after searching for it a little while gave it up and forgot it.

"Imagine my surprise, if you can," says John, "when that needle came out of my son's thumb about a year ago, as bright and smooth as ever."

Mr. Holland is well known through the States, where he has made city directories for the last twenty years. If anybody doubts this story he has only to communicate with Mr. Holland at Downers Grove, Illinois.

March 19, 1886

The Susceptible Widow

THE following stanzas, sent to this office in a dainty envelope, and penned in violet ink upon scented paper, seem to refer to one of the humorous incidents of the Rev. Samuel Jones's recent campaign against the devil in this city. The episode of the susceptible widow provoked a general smile; but as in human comedy there invariably is a streak of pathetic tragedy, so we find in this episode a singularly affecting bit of tragedy supplementing the comedy of the susceptible widow's devotion to the handsome and gifted evangelist. We will not dilate upon the pangs, the sufferings, the tortures, involved by the reverend gentleman's departure from Chicago. The impassioned poem shall speak for itself:

I show, by my distressful tones
  And by my doleful features,
How much I miss the Reverend Jones,
  That best of modern preachers.
When his Chicago work was done
  He paused not to consider
What grief the parting brought upon
  One lorn and lonely widder.

I used to wend my way each night
To revel in his teachings;
My burdened soul grew airy light
Beneath his magic preachings.
I occupied a seat reserved
For struggling young beginners,
And hung upon the blasts he served
To unrepentant sinners.

Farewell to those delicious times
For silent adoration!
My idol speeds to other climes
To ply his sweet vocation.
Oh that he might forget her not
Who boldly makes assertion
That from her lonely, widowed lot
She hankers for conversion!

April 6, 1886

Local Literary Notes

MR. JAMES R. LOWELL, a Boston writer, whose poems give promise of a brilliant future for the author, will visit Chicago next week as the guest of one of our most enterprising citizens, whose reduction in the price of green hams is noted in our advertising columns.

IT is reported in high literary circles that the McAfee Refining Company will take two

pages of the Easter *Current* for the purpose of advertising the excellences of its new brand of leaf-lard.

AT the formal dedication of the Blue Island Avenue Toboggan Slide last Saturday evening, a beautiful poem in imitation of the Pindaric odes was read by the gifted authoress Miss Birdie McLaughlin.

WE are informed that a Browning society has been organized by the inmates of the Cook County Imbecile Asylum.

AMONG the recent additions to the valuable collection of our esteemed fellow-townsman N. Hawthorne Smith is an autograph of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sahara.

WE understand that Mr. Gunther, the autograph virtuoso, recently paid two hundred and fifty dollars for an autograph of Dante Alighieri, which he discovered on the fly-leaf of a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems.

AT the meeting of the West Side Literary Lyceum last week the question, "Are Homer's poems better reading than Will Carleton's?" was debated. The negative was

sustained by a vote of 47 to 5. On this occasion Miss Mamie Buskirk read an exquisite original poem entitled "Hope."

February 15, 1887

Sir Galahad and Sir Sullivan

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, February 16.

TO THE EDITOR: To settle a dispute on a literary matter, will you please state whether it was Tennyson, Browning, or Lowell who wrote a poem called "Sir Galahad," beginning, as I recall it:

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

P. O. D.

We think that Tennyson is the author of the poem on Sir Galahad, although there

is a somewhat similar one, said to have been written by Lowell, which may have occasioned the doubt in the mind of our correspondent. The latter poem is entitled "Sir Sullivan," and begins thus:

My good fist belts the snoots of men,
  My right arm puncheth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my whiskey 's pure.
I smile to find a slugger nigh,
  And for the fray I quickly peel,
Then at his bread-basket let fly,
  And make the duffer reel;
He reels, he gropes about the ropes,
  And while his backers rub him down,
Each thirsty bum fills up with rum
  That freely flows in Boston town.

It will be seen that there is some resemblance between the two poems, but this does not prove per se that Lowell is a plagiarist. It is, rather, another instance of our great Yankee poet's surprising ability to apply classic models to his native creations. As to the relative merits of the two pieces, there is, of course, room for difference of taste. In Boston, we believe, no doubt is expressed

of the superiority of the poem on Sir Sullivan—particularly if Sir Sullivan happens to be present. If our correspondent wishes to pursue his inquiries further, he can apply to Mr. Lowell, who will be here next week. Or, if he have sufficient sand, he can apply to Sir Sullivan himself at his castle, Beacon Street, Boston.

February 18, 1887

A Zoölogical Phenomenon

LINCOLN PARK has a new curiosity. We regard it as the most remarkable specimen of animal life in the zoölogical quarter. It is a rackaboar, the gift of Mr. Edward G. Mason, the historian, who, at a great expense, has brought the rare and strange creature from Egypt and presented it to the curators of our North-Side park.

This curious beast was captured in the wild, mountainous country about four hundred miles above Cairo and a short distance back from the Nile. It has somewhat the appearance of a goat, except that its fleece is very curly and of a bluish-black color, and its neck is of extraordinary length. Its eyes

are surprisingly large and beautiful, and its small head is surmounted by two slender corkscrew horns, perhaps four inches in length. The rackaboar lives altogether upon the shelf mountains of its native district. These mountains are composed, as their name indicates, of a mighty series of rocky shelves, or steps, of so regular a formation that one might fancy that these same shelves, or steps, had been hewn out by artisans instead of being simply a beautiful caprice of nature. Upon these shelves, or steps, does the rackaboar abide, subsisting on the hardy herbage there abounding, and, to enable it to move swiftly and securely over this unusual surface, nature has provided the beast with two short and two long legs, thus enabling the rackaboar to career at full speed upon the rocky shelves. The legs on the right side of the beast are from three to seven inches longer than those on the left side. Consequently the rackaboar pursues his way easily, gracefully, and swiftly, one set of feet resting on a lower shelf of the mountain and the other set resting on the superadjacent shelf. When pursued by

lions, jackals, hyenas, or other foes, the rackaboar easily escapes, for he is exceeding fleet and has this advantage, viz., that, whereas he is formed to run upon a side hill, the others are not, and so he quickly vanishes, and his adversaries, footsore and embarrassed, desist from the chase. When, as frequently happens, beasts of prey come face to face with this harmless creature, the rackaboar instinctively doubles its long neck back under its belly, thrusts its head up between its hind legs, and, thus reversed, makes good its flight in the opposite direction. The only way the rackaboar can be captured is to station bands of hunters both before and behind it, and then the beast may be taken with lassos.

Barnum once had a rackaboar in his menagerie, but the poor creature soon died of a surfeit of peanuts and pop-corn fed to him by children when the keeper was not looking. This specimen which Mr. Mason has donated to Lincoln Park is the second which has been taken out of Egypt. He is now provided with quarters near the aviary, and seems to be contented enough upon the

rough pile of stone steps hastily constructed for his accommodation.

Mr. Edbrooke, the architect, says that rackaboars used to abound in the Rocky Mountains when he first went to Colorado, but that the harmless creatures were soon exterminated by sportsmen. In Africa the species is rapidly becoming extinct. By the writers of antiquity the rackaboar was frequently mentioned. Pliny confounds him with the unicorn; Herodotus gives a lively and accurate description of him; Aristotle calls him the mountain sheep; Marco Polo declares that he is to be found in Tartary; and Sir John Mandeville praises his flesh as being "full swete for ye eatinge and for ye remouving of alle curst distempers and mischievous rheums that prey in ye livre and ye reins of manne and goe about tofilling ye sowle with horrid contemplations."

June 9, 1891

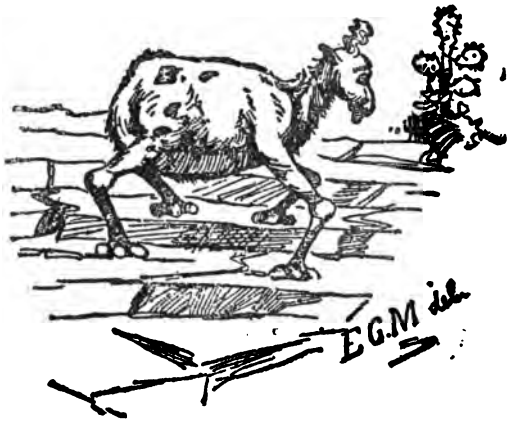
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 15.

TO THE EDITOR: That 's a queer beast, that roorback. Your description is full and free,

and the beast is equally comprehended from that description. I see it. Please tell us something of the country, the topography —something explaining how the shelves are formed so as to admit of the freak going both ways. Suppose it is proceeding north, ruminating, grass being scant, and it meets a party of savants geologizing, who, without ado, begin sockdologizing, they being to the north of the beast, which, in order to escape, is compelled to retreat south. Now, we find the long legs on the north side and the short legs on the south side. What is to sustain the beast in its race for freedom? Would it not give an exhibition of ground-tumbling beautiful to behold? Yours truly, L. P. J.

If our correspondent had read us with ordinary diligence he would not now be tormenting us with silly questions. In the first place, the beast is not a roorback, but a rackaboar, and in our description of him we carefully and elaborately explained his method of procedure when pursued. We now repeat that when confronted by danger

THE RACKABOAR GOING FORWARD



THE RACKABOAR GOING BACKWARD

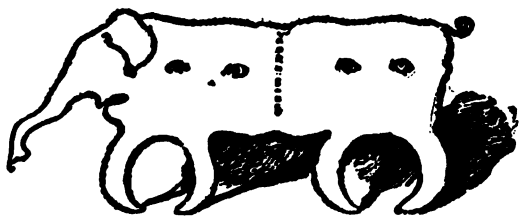
the rackaboar doubles his long, supple neck back and down beneath his belly and betwixt his legs, and brings his head close to and at an angle with his tail, and in this position is he enabled to pursue his flight in a direction opposite to that which he followed before danger threatened him. The sketches presented herewith are kindly furnished by the historian Mason, the same gentleman to whose munificence Lincoln Park is indebted for the gift of the curious beast of which we are treating. Mr. Mason makes no pretentions as an artist, yet these sketches would seem to indicate that his talents in this direction are not to be sneezed at.

June 18, 1891

Companion to the Rackaboar

ADVICES come to us from Wilmington, Illinois, to the effect that a curious beast has been put on exhibition in that town by the Whitten Brothers. It is called a padiwhack, this being the accepted popular name for the *Pedewagus paradoxicus*, so minutely and fully described by Buffon. Like the gar, the sturgeon, and the platypus,

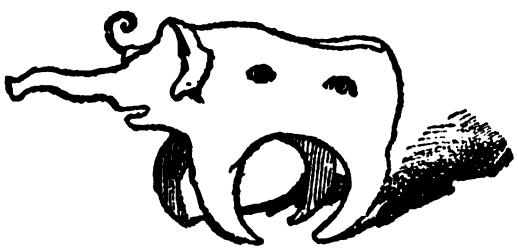
the padiwhack is a survivor of prehistoric ages. Its appearance is not unlike that of the tapir. It has a long and flexible snout wherewith it scents, reaches for, comprehends, and places within its capacious mouth the tender herbage, leaves, mosses, and ferns which nourish it. In Guinea, where the beast is found, the hide is much sought for



THE PADIWHACK UNFOLDED

manufacture of articles of clothing. The vertebral column of the padiwhack is surprisingly flexible; nay, it is even elastic in its possibilities. There are eighty-seven joints therein, and between the forty-third and forty-fourth vertebræ there appears a double cartilage of such exceeding resilience as to be capable of extension one thousand

times the esoterical confluxiation of its nomiditerical garithm. The eyes of the beast are four in number, and they are located upon the same side of his body as in the case of the sole, the flounder, and numerous other fish. So, therefore, when extended, the padiwhack sees those things only which



THE PADIWHACK FOLDED.

are presented upon one side. But, conscious of danger, the sagacious quadruped folds itself up, and is thus afforded visual comprehension upon both sides. The padiwhack is said to sleep folded, resting upon that fold or "hinge" of its back, and keeping its four eyes open all the time. We are informed that a proposition to exhibit this strange beast at our World's Fair has been

accepted by the director-general and the bureau of zoölogy, and is now awaiting the formal official approval of the board of control.

If we are to have a fine zoölogical showing we must secure, in addition to this padiwhack, a glasticutus and a too-hoo. There already is a rackaboar in Lincoln Park, and Adam Forepaugh has promised to donate a snark, a pynx, and a bingo-bird. The too-hoo is nearly extinct. It is a featherless bird, not unlike the bollwoll. It lives in the marshes of Central America, and spends its time in wading into the water and wading out again, sticking its head into the mud, and giving retrogressant utterance to that onomatopoetic cadence whence it derives its name.

We have all heard of the glasticutus, the marvellous creature possessed of the faculty of withdrawing himself, when hotly pressed, within himself, thereby illustrating the mechanical maxim of "a wheel within a wheel." Thus involved and secure from all harm the precocious beast laughs and scoffs at his pursuers. A gentleman living

on the West Side of town writes us that he knows where there is a rhinotenot, and he suggests that it be placed on exhibition in Lincoln Park. We have never seen a rhinotenot, but we understand that it closely resembles the glasticutus, possessing the faculty of precipitating itself down its own throat. Within a week we have received many letters from country correspondents complaining that the policemen in Lincoln Park will not direct them to the building where the rackaboar is kept. It might be well for the park commissioners to look into this. It may be true, as reported, that only those provided with tickets by Lawyer E. G. Mason, the donor of the beast, are permitted to view the rackaboar. During the first week of its public exhibition in the park, the rackaboar was well-nigh killed by the candy and pop-corn and peanuts fed to it by the heedless women and children. It is possible that the sequestration of the beast has been deemed prudent, if not imperative.

June 25, 1891

PIKE'S PEAK

I STOOD upon the peak, amid the air;
Below me lay the peopled, busy earth.
Life, life, and life again was everywhere,
And everywhere were melody and mirth,
Save on that peak, and silence brooded there.

I vaunted then myself, and half aloud
I gloried in the journey I had done:
Eschewing earth and earth's seductive crowd,
I 'd scaled this steep, despite the rocks and sun;
Of such a feat might any man be proud!

But, as I boasted thus, my burro brayed;
I turned, and lo! a tear was in his eye,
And as I gazed, methought the burro sayed:
"Prithee, who brought you up this mountain high —
Was it your legs or mine the journey made?"

Then moralled I: The sturdiest peak is
Fame's!
And there be many on its very height,
Who strut in pride and vaunt their empty
claims,
While those poor human asses who
delight
To place them there have unremembered
names!

April 6, 1887

LONGINGS

I LONG for some intenser life,
Some wilder joy, some sterner strife!
A dull, slow stream whose waters pass
Through weary wastes of dry morass,
Through reptile-breeding levels low —
A sluggish ooze and not a flow —
Choked up with fat and slimy weeds,
The current of my life proceeds.

Once more to meet the advancing sun
Earth puts her bridal glories on;
Once more beneath the summer moons
The whippoorwill her song attunes;
Once more the elements are rife
With countless forms of teeming life.
Life fills the air and fills the deeps;
Life from the quickened clod upleaps;

But all too feeble is the ray
That glances on our Northern day;
And man, beneath its faint impress,
Grows sordid, cold, and passionless.

I long to greet those ardent climes
Where the sun's burning heat sublimes
All forms of being, and imparts
Its fervor even to human hearts;
To see up-towering, grand and calm,
The king of trees, the lordly palm,
And, when night darkens through the skies,
Watch the strange constellations rise;
The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,
The fiery life I would behold;
The swart, warm beauties, luscious-lipped,
With hearts in passion's lava dipped;
Nature's excess and overgrowth—
The light and splendor of the South!

Or if it be my lot to bear
This pulseless life, this blank despair,
Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles
Round which the fair Pacific smiles;
Where, through the sun-bright atmosphere,
Their purple peaks the mountains rear;

Where earth is garmented in light,
And with unfading spring is bright
Then, if my life must be a dream,
Without a plan, without a scheme,
From purpose as from action free,
A dream of beauty it shall be.

(Attributed to) HORACE RUBLEE.

July 4, 1888

FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

UNTO a withered palm-tree clinging,
A yusef-bird was wildly singing,
And "yusef, yusef" was the word
That to my very soul went winging.

And came to me in my dejection
The keen and harrowing reflection:
"Thou art indeed a yusef-bird;
I ate your kind the last election!"

August 3, 1889

MEIN FAEDER BED

ACH, faeder bed! mein faeder bed!
Upon thy body softly spread,
What Cold von Winter shall I dread?

All through the night no touch of storm
Shall come to nip or chill my form —
Du bist so grosser goot und warm!

The winds that howl I need not fear,
But with that faeder bed to cheer,
I dream von Wiener wurst und beer!

Sometimes at night, in turning o'er,
I made that bed upon the floor.
Ach, then I shivered some, and swore!

But now I either turn mit skill
Or lie in bed sahr grosser still;
I make me not to swear or chill.

My Faderland is auf der sea,
Und when I sleep wo Yankees be
How vainly shall I pine for thee!

How, when I lay my weary head
Below ein cotton sheet and spread,
Shall I lament das faeder bed!

Yet still shall pleasing dreams combine
To wait me hence what joys are thine,
O faeder bed, beyond the Rhine!

December 14, 1889

BETHLEHEM TOWN

THERE burns a star o'er Bethlehem town—
See, O my eyes!
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a virgin mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek.
Burn on, O star! and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night!

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart!
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him, our Saviour and our King;
And sweetly all this night they sing.
Sing on in rapturous angel throng,
That we may learn that heavenly song!

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree —
O heart, beat low!
And it shall stand on Calvary!
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town —
Hark, O my soul!
'T is of the Babe that wears the crown.
It telleth us that man is free —
That He redeemeth all and me!
The night is sped — behold the morn!
Sing, O my soul; the Christ is born!

December 27, 1889

IN HOLLAND

OUR course lay up a smooth canal,
Through tracts of velvet green,
And through the shade that windmills made,
And pasture-lands between.
The kine had canvas on their backs
To temper autumn's spite,
And everywhere there was an air
Of comfort and delight.

My wife, dear philosophic soul!
Saw here whereof to prate:
"Vain fools are we across the sea
To boast our nobler state!
Go North or South or East or West,
Or wheresoe'er you please,
You shall not find what 's here combined —
Equality and ease.

"How tidy are these honest homes
In every part and nook!
The men-folk wear a prosperous air,
The women happy look.
Seeing the peace that smiles around,
I would our land were such.
Think as you may, I 'm free to say,
I would we were the Dutch!"

Just then we overtook a boat,
The Golden Tulip hight;
Big with the weight of motley freight,
It was a goodly sight!
Mynheer van Blarcom sat on deck,
With pipe in lordly pose,
And with his son of twenty-one
He played at dominos.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see
This sturdy, honest man
Beguile all pain and lust of gain
With whatso joys he can!
Methinks his spouse is down below,
Beading a kerchief gay;
A babe, mayhap, lolls in her lap
In the good old milky way.

"Where in the land from whence we came
Is there content like this?
Where such disdain of sordid gain —
Such sweet domestic bliss?
A homespun woman I, this land
Delights me overmuch.
Think as you will and argue still,
I like the honest Dutch."

And then my wife made end of speech;
Her voice stuck in her throat:
For, swinging round the turn, we found
What motor moved the boat.
Hitched up in towpath-harness there
Was neither horse nor cow,
But the buxom frame of a Hollandish dame —
Mynheer van Blarcom's frau!

January 27, 1890

IN PRAISE OF PIE

I 'D like to weave a pretty rhyme
To send my *Daily News.*
What shall I do? In vain I woo
The too-exacting Muse;
In vain I coax the tyrant minx,
And this the reason why:
She will not sing a plaguy thing,
Because I 've eaten pie.

A pretty pass it is, indeed,
That I have reached at last,
If I, in spite of appetite,
Must fast, and fast, and fast!
The one dear boon I am denied
Is that for which I sigh.
Take all the rest that men hold best,
But leave, oh, leave me pie!

I hear that Whittier partakes
  Of pie three times a day;
And it is rife that with a knife
  He stows that pie away.
There 's Stoddard — he was raised on pie,
  And he is hale and fat.
And Stedman's cry is always "pie,"
  And hot mince-pie at that!

Of course I 'm not at all like those
  Great masters in their art,
Except that pie doth ever lie
  Most sweetly next my heart,
And that I fain would sing my songs
  Without surcease or tiring
If 'neath my vest and else could rest
  That viand all-inspiring!

What I object to is the harsh,
  Vicarious sacrifice
I 'm forced to make if I partake
  Of fair and proper pies;
The pangs I suffer are the pangs
  To other sinners due.
I 'd gladly bear my righteous share,
  But not the others', too.

How vain the gift of heavenly fire,
  How vain the laurel wreath,
If these crown not that godlike spot,
  A well-filled paunch beneath!
And what is glory but a sham
  To those who pine and sigh
For bliss denied, which (as implied)
  Is pie, and only pie!

Well, since it 's come to such a pass,
  I boldly draw the line;
Go thou, O Muse, which way you
    choose,
  While I meander mine.
Farewell, O fancies of the pen,
  That dazzled once mine eye;
My choice may kill, but still, oh, still,
  I choose and stand for pie!

April 8, 1890

UNCLE EPH

MY Uncle Ephraim was a man who did
not live in vain,
And yet, why he succeeded so I never could
explain.
By nature he was not endowed with wit to
a degree,
But folks allowed there nowhere lived a
better man than he.
He started poor, but soon got rich; he went
to Congress then,
And held that post of honor long against
much brainier men;
He never made a famous speech nor did a
thing of note,
And yet the praise of Uncle Eph welled up
from every throat.

I recollect I never heard him say a bitter
word;
He never carried to and fro unpleasant things
he heard;
He always doffed his hat and spoke to every
one he knew;
He tipped to poor and rich alike a genial
"howdy-do";
He kissed the babies, praised their looks,
and said, "That child will grow
To be a Daniel Webster or our President,
I know!"
His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full
of mirth,
That folks declared he was the best and
smartest man on earth!

Now, father was a smarter man, and yet he
never won
Such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, "the
deestrick's fav'rite son."
He had "convictions," and he was not loath
to speak his mind;
He went his way and said his say as he
might be inclined.

Yes, he was brainy; yet his life was hardly
a success —
He was too honest and too smart for this
vain world, I guess!
At any rate, I wondered he was unsuccess-
ful when
My Uncle Eph, a duller man, was so revered
of men!

When Uncle Eph was dying he called me to
his bed,
And in a tone of confidence inviolate he said:
"Dear Willyum, ere I seek repose in yonder
blissful sphere,
I fain would breathe a secret in your adoles-
cent ear:
Strive not to hew your path through life —
it really does n't pay;
Be sure the salve of flattery soaps all you do
and say;
Herein the only royal road to fame and for-
tune lies:
Put not your trust in vinegar — molasses
catches flies!"

October 11, 1890

CHRISTMAS MORNING

THE angel host that sped last night,
  Bearing the wondrous news afar,
Came in their ever-glorious flight
  Unto a slumbering little star.

"Awake and sing, O star!" they cried.
  "Awake and glorify the morn!
Herald the tidings far and wide—
  He that shall lead His flock is born!"

The little star awoke and sung
  As only stars in rapture may,
And presently where church bells hung
  The joyous tidings found their way.

"Awake, O bells! 't is Christmas morn—
  Awake and let thy music tell
To all mankind that now is born
  What Shepherd loves His lambkins well!"

Then rang the bells as fled the night
  O'er dreaming land and drowsing deep,
And coming with the morning light,
  They called, my child, to you asleep.

Sweetly and tenderly they spoke,
  And lingering round your little bed,
Their music pleaded till you woke,
  And this is what their music said:

"Awake and sing! 't is Christmas morn,
  Whereon all earth salutes her King!
In Bethlehem is the Shepherd born.
  Awake, O little lamb, and sing!"

So, dear my child, kneel at my feet,
  And with those voices from above
Share thou this holy time with me,
  The universal hymn of love.

December 25, 1890

HYMN: MIDNIGHT HOUR

MIDNIGHT hour! how sweet the calm
Thy solemn cadences impart;
What solace as of healing balm
Cometh with thee unto this heart!
Yet bring me not thy grace alone —
Let others share thy dear delight;
Oh, let thy soothing monotone
Be heard of all this holy night!

Anon shall angels walk the sky,
The stars cry out in rapturous glee,
And radiant splendors glorify
The waking earth and wondering sea;
Jehovah's reassuring word
Shall be proclaimed abroad again,
And tidings everywhere be heard
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

'T is of those glories of the morn,
  The sacrifice that makes man free,
And of the Babe in Bethlehem born
  That midnight's voices speak to me.
Speak on, O voices sweet and low,
  Soothing our griefs and doubts away—
That all mankind may hear and know
  What rapture cometh with the day!

December 25, 1890

WHEN STEDMAN COMES TO TOWN

WE 'RE cleaning up the boulevards
And divers thoroughfares;
Our lawns, our fences, and our yards
Are bristling with repairs;
And soon Chicago 'll be abloom
With splendor and renown;
For ain't we going to have a boom
When Stedman comes to town?

And gosh! the things we 'll have to eat —
The things we 'll have to drink!
O'er hecatombs of corn-fed meat
How shall the glasses clink!
Our culture, having started in,
Will do the thing up brown.
'T will be a race 'twixt brass and tin
When Stedman comes to town!

There 's Mr. Wayback Canvass Hamm,
  Old Crœsus' counterpart;
He don't know nor give a damn
  About poetic art;
And he has such amount of pelf
  As would weigh mountains down,
And he has sworn to spread himself
  When Stedman comes to town.

And Mrs. Hamm, a faded belle,
  And one no longer young,—
She speaks the native quite as well
  As any foreign tongue,—
At Mr. Hamm's reception she
  Will wear a gorgeous gown
That shows all else but modesty,
  When Stedman comes to town.

Now, Stedman knows a thing or two
  Besides poetic art;
Yes, truth to say, 'twixt me and you,
  Stedman is mighty smart;
And so I wonder will he smile
  Good-naturedly or frown
At our flamboyant Western style,
  When Stedman comes to town.

April 23, 1891

High Art of Royalty

THE Princess Louise has sent seven water-colors to the Boston exhibition. One of them represents a blue cow grazing in a lavender meadow, through which a purple brook, filled with pink fish, purls along under a green sky, in which a terra-cotta sun flames gorgeously. The princess has painted her monogram on one corner of the picture, and this fact, with the intrinsic value of the work of art, would seem to make the gem peculiarly attractive to such a discriminating connoisseur as our respected fellow-townsman Colonel N. K. Fairbank.

September 6, 1883

Authorship of "The Bread-Winners"

A GOOD deal of amusement is being occasioned in Chicago literary circles by the wild guesses that are being made at the authorship of "The Bread-Winners," the new and meritorious novel now in course of publication in the *Century Magazine*. A Cleveland gentleman, an Albany journalist, and a Boston lady have been charged with the parentage of the work, but each denies the soft impeachment. It is well known hereabouts that the author of the much-talked-of novel is Mr. William E. Curtis of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. The idea of the story suggested itself several years ago, but Mr. Curtis never found the opportunity to elaborate it until last spring, when he took an extensive vacation in New Mexico, and improved it by writing out the delightful romance which now promises to make him famous. He originally received five thousand dollars from the *Century* for the manuscript, but within the last fortnight he has received two thousand dollars more, the

story having proved a much greater hit than the publishers supposed it would be.

October 3, 1883

His Only Appearance at St. Johnsbury

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the humorist, has never been invited to make a second appearance in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. The first and only time he was billed for a lecture there several prominent citizens, including Mr. Fairbanks, the scale-manufacturer, called on him, and told him there was a religious revival in progress in the town, and they expressed their hope that he would omit every humorous feature from his lecture, for fear his fun might distract the minds of the young people from religious subjects. Mr. Burdette promised to comply with their request, and when he appeared before an overflowing house that evening he carefully eliminated from his lecture every sentence and word that could possibly be suspected of conveying an idea of humor or levity. The occasion was more solemn than a watch-meeting. The people came to laugh; they stayed to frown, and finally

went away to swear. Burdette was voted a three-ply, four-story fraud, and the emotions awakened by the failure of his lecture were of such an unchristianly and permanent nature that the religious revival in the town dated its decline from that very night. And nowadays, whenever Burdette has occasion to go through St. Johnsbury, he stops just this side and walks around.

October 13, 1883

A Singular Coincidence

IT is a singular coincidence that the birth of Martin Luther, the Ben Butler of his times, and the death of Ben Butler, the Martin Luther of his times, should have occurred upon the same date of the same month, just four hundred years apart.

November 15, 1883

Two Tender Feet

THE following delicate stanzas are floating about the country. We publish them as being the most graceful tribute to the feet of the average Chicago belle we have ever seen. It is understood that Mr. McCullagh,

editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is the author of the lines.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand.
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days;
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

November 19, 1883

Argumentum ad Hominem

A PRECOCIOUS Child, having Broken one of his Mother's cut-glass Tumblers, was confronted by his Irate Parent, who Wrathfully cried: "'T is well you Tremble, for I have Blood in my Eye."

"Nay, be not Deceived, dear Mother," said the Precocious Child; "'t is not the Blood in your Eye, but the Switch in your Hand, that makes me Tremble."

November 20, 1883

Henry Villard's First Essay in Journalism

TWENTY years ago Henry Villard, who was a reporter in desperate circumstances,

applied to John Swinton for employment. John asked him for a specimen of his work, and Henry wrote a report of a fire in the Bowery. Swinton threw it in the waste-basket, gave Villard a dollar to buy his supper and a bed for the night, and advised him to hire himself out as a porter to one of the commission houses in Ann Street. Some weeks ago, when Swinton started his new morning daily, Villard was one of the first subscribers, sending the subscription price and a note to Mr. Swinton, and in the latter he sarcastically remarked that he had always felt under obligations to Mr. Swinton for giving him advice which he did not follow. Then Swinton wrote a sarcastic editorial about Villard, alluding to him as the golden spike that had once been a barefooted German boy. It is not known what Villard will now do in retaliation, but if he is anxious to pose as a public benefactor, he will deed over to Mr. Swinton a quarter-section of prairie-land in the northwest corner of Dakota, where the great American socialist can spend his declining

years safe from the world, and the world safe from him.

November 21, 1883

The Grim Monster

DEATH is once more stalking abroad through the length and breadth of the land, laying its bony hand upon rich and poor alike, blowing its icy breath into the nostrils of the proud and the humble, and sealing with its awful kiss the eyelids of senility and youth. Grim monster, whose remorseless purpose no prayers can avert, no tears hinder, and no promises beguile! Ill content with the broken hearts, the desolate homes, the wrecked ambitions, the shattered idols, and the speechless miseries with which thy hideous track is strewn, thou hast, like an insatiate thief, stolen noiselessly to the quiet, cheerful, happy hearthstone, plucked therefrom its sweetest, brightest ornament, and fled with it to the dark confines of the Plutonian shore, leaving Catherine Lewis to beat her breast, tear her hair, and otherwise express her grief at the demise of her pet poodle-dog.

November 23, 1883

Why the Sphinx Never Smiles

IF it be true that the key of the ancient Aztec writings has been discovered, we may indulge the hope that we shall yet find out what joke it was Hannibal Hamlin told the Egyptian Sphinx that the unfortunate creature never smiled again.

February 2, 1884

The Proper Eulogist

IT is exceedingly proper, we think, that the Hon. Carl Schurz should be invited to deliver a eulogy of Charles Francis Adams. As we distinctly remember, Mr. Schurz presided over a political convention fourteen years ago which had been called together for the purpose of nominating Adams for the Presidency, but which nominated Greeley. This was the occasion when Schurz performed his famous pianoforte variations of "The Heart Bowed down with Weight of Woe."

December 16, 1886

A Difference in Ethics

THE Hon. Amos J. Cummings tells a funny story about a printer named Austin.

While Cummings was setting type in the New York *Tribune* office, a good many years ago, Austin did "sub" work a spell. One day Austin said to Cummings: "This office is more honest than the *Times* office."

"Why?"

"Because, when I went out to-day, I left an apple on my case, and when I came back there it was, safe and sound; nobody had eaten it."

"Well?"

"Now, just to show you how different the *Times* printers are, while I was working there last week, one of the boys went off, leaving an orange on the case. I took it and ate it."

June 27, 1888

An Arizona Ice Trust

THE Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus of this city bought a quarter-section of cactus meadowland in Arizona last spring, and had it surveyed into town lots, each on a corner. Last week Mr. Gunsaulus inaugurated another public boom in Arizona by organizing the Arctic Universal Ice Company

(Limited). This close corporation will henceforth ship ice from Arizona to Minnesota, and sell it to the consumers there at seven cents a pound. Mr. Gunsaulus is president of the company, and the other principal stockholders are a Mexican herdsman named Salvator Marquesda and the rich Modoc chief Ginger-Ale Charles.

September 5, 1889

The Test of Journalism

THE editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is one of the few great journalists we have. Therefore it is of interest and value to secure from him such expressions as this: "The best editor is the man who can best discriminate between bread and stones before casting upon the waters—the man who can best select from the events of the day the matter to serve up to the reading public for the morrow."

Taylor, the so-called "Water-Poet," held the same opinion as our distinguished friend McCullagh, only Taylor put the cart before the horse in this wise:

All ye that fain would print ye newes,
Seek not to know whatso to chuse;
But learn whatso to caste awaye,
And print ye rest without delaye.

January 30, 1891

Some Reminiscences of P. T. Barnum

MR. IRVING had promised Barnum that there should be no speech-making. The old gentleman had been ill for three or four days, and, as he said, he would n't have come to this dinner if his wife had n't made him. But Mr. Irving could not forbear offering a cordial toast to his dear old "friend the showman," and then, of course, Barnum had to make a speech, and a capital speech it was, too. He referred to the fact that his old-time museum in New York had served for a training-school for those who subsequently became famous on the American stage, and he had always been proud of his connection with the dramatic and operatic profession. He was an old man now, past eighty years of age, yet sometimes he suspected that he was doomed to live on forever. "Twenty

years ago," said he, "I thought I would symmetrize my career by writing my biography. I had passed my threescore years, and I knew that I was likely to go at any time. So I wrote my life, and I really regarded it at the time as the crowning work of my career—the cap-sheaf, if you please. But, somehow or other, I have kept living along [laughter], and each year I have added a chapter to the biography, until now the supplementary chapters are in bulk quite as pretentious as the original work. [Laughter.] A lady said to me in New York, not long ago: 'Mr. Barnum, I bought your book eighteen years ago, and every year since then I have discovered there is an enlarged edition printed; so I have kept on buying and buying, until now I have quite a library of your life.' 'My good woman,' said I, 'you ought not to complain. You have been buying my life, but think of me: I have been living it.' [Great laughter and applause.] Not very long ago another lady met me in my menagerie one afternoon, and she had brought her grandchildren to see my show.

'Is it the first time you have seen my show?' I asked of her. 'Oh, no,' she answered. 'I first became acquainted with Barnum when I was a little child; my grandparents brought me then.' Believe me, my friends, when I say that this sort of a thing makes me happy. How few men there are who live to see their life-work enjoyed by five generations!"

Barnum is still as frisky as ever. There is, however, in his blue eyes a certain dimness, and as he stands up before you there is a certain tremulousness that bespeaks the burden of many years.

February 11, 1890

Source of American Humor

MR. NESBITT, the dramatic critic of the London *Times*, made a curious statement the other evening. We were discussing American humor, and he said: "American humor has a sort of stoical grimness which can be traced directly, I think, to the intermarriage of the whites with the aboriginal Indians." Now, what sort of answer is one to make to an argument of this kind?

February 13, 1890

Sergeant Ballantine and Horace Greeley

THE latest reminiscence of the caustic wit of the late Sergeant Ballantine is as follows:

"He never speaks ill of any man," it was casually remarked of a leader of the bar.

"No, of course not," added the sergeant, "for he never talks of any one but himself."

This recalls what was once said of our own Horace Greeley: "He is a self-made man, and he worships his creator."

March 17, 1890

Malapropos Compliments

MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT and his venerable wife, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, gave a party the other evening in honor of the ninth anniversary of their wedding. One of the guests, striving to be particularly gracious, complimented the aged baroness upon her appearance, and reminded her that very many years ago the great Duke of Wellington had been a suitor for her hand. This was not a particularly pleasant reminiscence for the young husband to be regaled with, and the embarrassment was still more complicated

when another courtly ass who stood near chipped in with: "Oh, but that was long before Mr. Bartlett was born!"

March 22, 1890

Rothschild on the Distribution of Property

DURING the revolutionary period in Paris in 1848 a committee of seven communists called at the Rothschild establishment and demanded to see the famous banker. Rothschild appeared, as suave as you please.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said he. "And now, what can I do for you?"

"Rothschild," said the chairman of the committee, "our time has come at last. The people are triumphant—the Commune is on top."

"Good for the people! Vive la Commune!" cried Rothschild, gleefully.

"The time has come," continued the chairman of the committee, "when each must share equally with his fellow-citizen. We have been delegated to call upon you and inform you that you must share your enormous wealth with your countrymen."

"If it is so decreed," said Rothschild,

urbanely, "I shall cheerfully comply. At how much is my fortune estimated?"

"At two hundred million francs," replied the leader, boldly.

"And at what is the population of France estimated?" asked Rothschild.

"We figure it at fifty millions," was the answer.

"Well, then," said Rothschild, "it would appear that I owe each of my countrymen about four francs. Now, then, gentlemen," he continued, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a lot of silver, "here are twenty-eight francs for you. I have paid each of you, have I not? Please give me your receipt therefor; and so, good day to you."

The committee retired, and the Commune never pestered the wary financier again.

August 18, 1890

Worldly Wisdom of Phillips Brooks

THE Rev. Phillips Brooks would have made a famous diplomat: he has the faculty of saying so much in so little—of conveying so much sweetness without saying

many words. The women in his congregation probably regard him as the loveliest man on earth, and he certainly has a most persuasive way. Then, again, he has so superb a personality, being a Hercules in stature and an Apollo of face and an Orpheus of voice. He looks like a magnificent giant boy. His cheeks are rosy, his eyes are bright, his step is bounding, and his spirits are mirthful. They tell of his having applied at a farm-house, during one of his summer vacation excursions, for a pail of milk. The farmer's wife supplied him, but would not take any remuneration therefor; but, supposing him to be a rich man's son, she gave him this parting shot as he whisked away: "If ye was my boy, strappin' and healthy as ye be, I 'd make ye work for your livin'."

The real genius of this man is exhibited in the artistic and artful manner in which he conducts a christening. Of course he is called upon to preside, in the course of the year, over many an affair of this kind, and he has always made it a practice to say something of a soothing nature to the

timid, proud mother who presents her offspring at the baptismal font. Now, Mr. Brooks knows, as all men know, that when the dear women-folks get together they are exceeding prone to discuss the prodigious excellence of their own progeny, and on such occasions it is customary for them to repeat, with great gusto, what compliments soever have been paid to that progeny. Mr. Brooks also knows that, as pastor of a large flock, it would never do for him to discriminate in favor of this baby or of that. He is aware that, in order to preserve peace among the women-folk, a strict impartiality must mark his dealings with the little folk. Yet it is proper, if not necessary, at the baptismal font, that some sweet, persuasive speech should be employed to flatter the mother, and such a speech has the Rev. Dr. Brooks devised, and such a one he invariably employs when called upon to officiate at a christening.

This speech is in the form of an ejaculation. There is little to it, yet its effect is instantaneously paralyzing.

Great, strong man that he is, he takes

the fuzzy, red, puling infant in his arms, and gazing down benignantly upon its wrinkled features, he smiles one of his ineffable, tender parochial smiles, and cries out, in that glad, sonorous voice of his: "Well, this is a baby, is n't it?"

Now, you come to analyze that compliment and you find that there 's really nothing in it. But the beauty of it all is that it is delivered with such artistic gusto and comes so unexpectedly that the mother is simply overcome by it. She recalls it ever afterward as the sweetest compliment she ever heard, yet she can never recall the words, for they are so commonplace that the recollection of them cannot survive that sweet obliviousness into which the fond mother's intellectual functions are temporarily knocked by the handsome pastor's artful ebullition: "Well, this is a baby, is n't it?"

The mothers up and down Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue have been in the habit for years of getting together and comparing notes, but while all agree that Pastor Brooks said just the sweetest thing

about "our baby," none has ever been able to recall the exact language of the compliment.

February 26, 1891

Why the Old Man of the Mountain is a Man

AN interesting tale has been reported from New Hampshire to the Chicago Folk-lore Society. It seems that New Hampshire is the native State of our distinguished townsman Colonel John W. Ela, and the colonel has been spending the summer among the hills of the so-called Granite State. Upon the summit of one of these lovely mountains is a singular formation of solid rock—the profile of a human face set in bold relief against the sky. This remarkable formation, venerable and picturesque, is poetically called the "Old Man of the Mountain." Presumably many of you who read these lines have seen and admired that fanciful creation of nature. This famous locality was visited by Colonel Ela, who, approaching as near as he could, stood for a long time gazing pensively upon the sphinx-like face turned toward the yonder horizon.

Strange emotions thrilled the bosom of the distinguished Chicagoan. His philosophic nature was stirred to its very depths.

"How wonderful and how inscrutable," he cried, "are the operations of nature! Here in this rocky fastness, far from the haunts of humanity, this figure stands out in silhouette, defying the processes of time. How incomprehensible is this Old Man of the Mountain! How wonderful and inscrutable, I repeat, are the operations of nature!"

Then, for the first time in ages, the Old Man of the Mountain spake. His granite features relaxed and his grim lips moved.

"Wonderful, indeed!" said the Old Man of the Mountain. "Wonderful, indeed, but not inscrutable. Just fancy how embarrassing it might be if, instead of being what I am, I were the Old Woman of the Mountain, alone in this deserted spot with a Chicago man!"

September 19, 1892

All the Difference in the World

THE latest story that is told about Phillips Brooks is to the effect that quite recently,

being engaged in work, he left orders with the servants that on no account was he to be interrupted. But shortly after he had retired to his study the door-bell rang, and a friend from New York sought admittance—Stock-broker Nichols, who had been a classmate of Bishop Brooks in college. This early caller did not fancy the idea of being turned away, and while he was remonstrating with the servant, lo and behold, Phillips Brooks emerged from his study, welcomed the visitor with open arms, bade him enter, and talked with him an hour or so. The servant felt deeply mortified and made bitter complaint to the bishop after the caller had departed.

"I remember distinctly," said the servant, "that you told me that you would be so busy that you would n't see the angel Gabriel if he called."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "I did say that, and I meant it. But there 's all the difference in the world between Gabriel and my friend Nichols. I 'm bound to see Gabriel anyway in the next world; but as there is some doubt about my seeing Nichols

there, it was only right that I should see him here, when he took the trouble to call upon me."

October 10, 1892

How Simon Cameron Confounded "Bob" Ingersoll

THE mention of Colonel Bob Ingersoll's name recalls a touching little story of Washington life. One cheerless, rainy night some years ago, the venerable Simon Cameron was sitting in the office of the Ebbitt House, gazing out through the window into the fog and darkness. He was lost in thought, and his face was a picture of melancholy. Presently Colonel Ingersoll entered.

"What has happened, general?" he asked. "You look as if you had just lost your last friend."

"Ah, Bob," said the old man, with a sigh, "I have just seen a cruel, pitiable sight. An aged and crippled soldier was painfully toiling up the street yonder, and was making some progress, when along came a big, double-fisted, broad-shouldered

fellow and kicked the crutches out from under the old cripple, leaving him feeble and helpless, to pick himself up as best he could."

"I would to God I had been there!" cried Ingersoll, angrily. "I 'd have trounced the ruffian! I never heard of so brutal an outrage. What, abuse an old and crippled man like that! I 'd make quick work of the brute."

"Wait a moment, Bob," interposed old Simon Cameron, gently. "I was that aged and crippled veteran, and I was toiling along to my grave; and it was you, Bob, who came across my path and kicked from under me the crutches that supported me in that last journey."

Colonel Ingersoll made no answer. The old man continued to look mournfully out into the night.

May 18, 1893

"*What Bigotry!*"

THE Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus tells a story of two New England old ladies who were overheard in conversation to the following effect:

"Hev you met that Miss Perkins yet?"

"Yes, I was introduced to her yesterday."

"To what sect does she belong?"

"To the Universalist sect, I believe."

"To the Universalist sect? An' what is their belief?"

"They believe that all human souls will eventually, by the grace of God, be redeemed."

"Oh, they do, do they? What bigotry!"

May 7, 1894

Kate Field and John Brown

"THE other night I had a pleasant dream," says Miss Kate Field. "I dreamt that the shade of the venerable John Brown came to me and thanked me for the efforts I had made to keep his memory green. 'I feel under great obligations to you, Miss Field,' said he. 'Don't call me "Miss Field,"' said I. 'Call me Kate.' 'Upon one condition only,' said he, 'and that is that you call me "John."'"

August 23, 1895

Funny before Company

"WE had a number of distinguished visitors come in upon us not long ago," says

Edgar William Nye, the North Carolina humorist. "We made them welcome and invited them to supper. I happened to be feeling particularly well that evening, and, if I do say it myself, I made myself exceedingly agreeable. After having recounted one of my most amusing anecdotes, I was pained to overhear the following conversation between one of my guests and our youngest daughter, a sweet child of seven years:

"Turning to my daughter, and smiling radiantly, he said: 'Your papa is a very funny man, is n't he, my dear?'

"'Yes,' answered the sweet child, with charming naïveté; 'he always is when we have comp'ny.'"

August 31, 1895

THE STRAW HAT

THE sweet shade falls athwart her face,
And leaves half shadow and half light—
Dimples and lips in open day,
And dreamy brows and eyes in night.

So low the languid eyelids fall,
They rest their silk upon her cheek,
And give delicious laziness
To glances arch and cunning meek.

It cannot frown, the placid brow
Hidden in rare obscurity;
They cannot hate, the indolent eyes,
The sins they do not strive to see.

And in the sunshine of her cheeks
The wanton dimples are at play,
So frolic-earnest in their sport
They do not care to look away.

And oh, if love, kiss-winged, should come
  And light on such a rose as this,
Could brow or eye or dimples blame
  Such lips for giving back a kiss?

June 24, 1891

A WAR-SONG

AWAKE! arise, ye patriot brave,
Your duty to fulfil!
Rush in your righteous wrath to save
The land from threatened ill.
Foul treachery's vengeful shadows flit
Like demons everywhere;
And Baby Cleveland wants to sit
In grandpa's baby's chair.

Shall this spoiled darling vanquish that
Sweet Hoosier younkit? Nay!
She 'll never wear her grandpa's hat—
She is n't built that way.
Out—out upon the pampered chit!
The patriot legions swear
That Baby Cleveland shall not sit
In grandpa's baby's chair!

So come! We 'll lift our standard high —
A tiny pair of pants!
This "In hoc signo" 'll petrify
All Mugwump sycophants!
Stern common sense shall soon outwit
Each sentimental snare;
And Baby Cleveland shall not sit
In grandpa's baby's chair!

June 24, 1892

EXTINCT MONSTERS

OH, had I lived in the good old days,
When the Ichthyosaurus ramped around,
When the Elasmosaur swam the bays,
And the Sivatherium pawed the ground,
Would I have spent my precious time
At weaving golden thoughts in rhyme?

When the Tinoceras snooped about,
And the Pterodactyl flapped its wings,
When the Brontops with the warty snout
Noseyed around for herbs and things,
Would I have bothered myself o'ermuch
About divine afflatus and such?

The Dinotherium flourished then;
The Pterygotus lashed the seas;
The Rhamphorhynchus prospered when
The Scaphognathus perched in trees;

And every creature, wild and tame,
Rejoiced in some rococo name.

Pause and ponder; who could write
  A triolet or roundelay
While a Megatherium yawped all night
  And a Hesperornis yawped all day,
While now and again the bray sonorous
Of Glyptodon Asper swelled the chorus?

If I 'd been almost anything
  But a poet, I might have got along:
Those extinct monsters of hoof and wing
  Were not conducive to lyric song;
So Nature reserved this tender bard
For the kindlier Age of Pork and Lard.

May 11, 1893

MRS. REILLY'S PEACHES

WHETHER in Michigan they grew,
  Or by the far Pacific,
Or Jerseywards, I never knew
  Or cared; they were magnifique!
They set my hungry eyes aflame,
  My heart to beating quicker,
When trotted out by that good dame,
  A-drowned in spicy liquor!

Of divers sweets in many a land
  I have betimes partaken,
Yet now for those old joys I stand,
  My loyalty unshaken!
My palate, weary of the ways
  Of modern times, beseeches
The toothsome grace of halcyon days
  And Mrs. Reilly's peaches!

Studded with cloves and cinnamon,
And duly spiced and pickled,
That viand was as choice an one
As ever palate tickled!
And by those peaches on his plate
No valorous soul was daunted,
For oh, the more of them you ate
The more of them you wanted!

The years have dragged a weary pace
Since last those joys I tasted,
And I have grown so wan of face
And oh, so slender-waisted!
Yes, all is sadly changed, and yet
If this eulogium reaches
A certain lady, I shall get
A quick return in peaches.

May 15, 1893

O'CONNOR'S ILOQUINT SPACHE

'TWUZ whin O'Connor shpoke the
crowd
Grew pathriotic truly;
For him O'Dooley hit O'Dowd
And Healy shtruck O'Dooley;
And Redmond give Muldoon a swat,
And all wint well, begorry,
And there was Home Rule on that shpot,
Till to his fate O'Connor got,
An' sez, sez he: "For sayin' phwat
Oi did," sez he, "Oi 'm sorry!"

July 29, 1893

DOCTOR RABELAIS

ONCE — it was many years ago,
In early wedded life,
Ere yet my loved one had become
A very knowing wife,
She came to me and said: "My dear,
I think (and do not you?)
That we should have about the house
A doctor's book or two.

"Our little ones have sundry ills
Which I should understand
And cure myself, if I but had
A doctor's book at hand.
Why not economize, my dear,
In point of doctor's bills
By purchasing the means to treat
Our little household ills?"

Dear, honest, patient little wife.
She did not even guess
She offered me the very prize
I hankered to possess.
"You argue wisely, wife," quoth I.
"Proceed without delay
To find and comprehend the works
Of Doctor Rabelais."

I wrote the title out for her
(She 'd never heard the name),
And presently she bought those books,
And home she lugged the same;
I clearly read this taunting boast
On her triumphant brow:
"Aha, ye venal doctors all,
Ye are outwitted now!"

Those volumes stood upon the shelf
A month or two unread,
Save as such times by night I conned
Their precious wit in bed;
But once — it was a wintry time —
I heard my loved one say:
"This child is croupy; I 'll consult
My doctor, Rabelais!"

Soon from her delusive dream
  My beauteous bride awoke.
Too soon she grasped the fulness of
  My bibliomaniac joke.
There came a sudden, shocking change,
  As you may well suppose,
And with her reprehensive voice
  The temperature arose.

But that was many years ago,
  In early wedded life,
And that dear lady has become
  A very knowing wife;
For she hath learned from Rabelais
  What elsewhere is agreed:
The plague of bibliomania is
  A cureless ill indeed.

And still at night, when all the rest
  Are hushed in sweet repose,
O'er those two interdicted tomes
  I laugh and nod and doze.
From worldly ills and business cares
  My weary mind is lured,
And by that doctor's magic art
  My ailments all are cured.

So my dear, knowing little wife
  Is glad that it is so,
And with a smile recalls the trick
  I played her years ago;
And whensoe'er dyspeptic pangs
  Compel me to their sway,
The saucy girl bids me consult
  My Doctor Rabelais!

November 22, 1894

SONG

WHY do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

December 12, 1894

THE SNAKES

THESE are the snakes that Rowdy saw:
Some were green and some were white,
Some were black as the spawn of night;
Some were yellow;
And one big fellow
Had monstrous blotches of angry red,
And a scarlet welt on his slimy head;
And other snakes that Rowdy saw
Were of every hue
From pink to blue,
And the longer he looked the bigger they grew!

An old he-snake with a frowzy head
Was one of the snakes that Rowdy saw.
This old he-snake he grinned and leered
When he saw that Rowdy was afeard;

And he ran out his tongue in frightful wise
As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;
And he lashed his tail
In the moonlight pale,
And he tickled his jaw with his left hind paw —
Did this old he-snake that Rowdy saw!

These hideous snakes that Rowdy saw
Wriggled and twisted
Wherever they listed,
Straightway glided
Or ambled one-sided.
There were some of those things
That had fiery wings —
Yes, some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Hummed round in the air
With their eyeballs aglare
And their whiskers aflare;
And they hissed their approval of Rowdy's despair!

And some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Had talons like bats,
And looked like a cross between buzzards and rats!

They crawled from his boots, and they sprawled on the floor;
They sat on the mantel, and perched on the door,
And grinned all the fiercer the louder he swore!

Out, out of his boots
Came the damnable brutes—
These murdersome snakes that Rowdy saw!
Strange cries they uttered,
And poison they sputtered
As they crawled or they fluttered.
This way and that
Their venom they spat,
Till Rowdy had doubts as to where he was at.

They twined round his legs, and encircled his waist;
His arms and his neck and his breast they embraced;
They hissed in his ears, and they spat in his eyes,
And with their foul breaths interrupted his cries.

Blue serpents and green,
Red, yellow, and black,
Of as hideous mien
As ever was seen,
Girt him round, fore and back,
And higgling
And wriggling,
With their slimy and grinny preponderance they bore
Rowdy down to the floor. He remembers no more.

The sequel is this: The snakes that he saw
Were such hideous snakes, were such torturesome things,
With their poison-tipped fangs and their devil-claw wings,
That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;
And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,
And wassail and laughter and "boodle" abound,
Poor Rowdy he turns down his glass with a sigh.

"Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the alder-
men cry.
His palate is yearning, his fauces are dry,
The bottle appeals to his gullet and eye;
But he thinks of the snakes, and he — lets it
go by.

January 4, 1895

THE BOY

DOWN through the snow-drifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers;
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.

January 15, 1895

GOSSIP OF POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

A Miscalculation

GROVER CLEVELAND seems to have suddenly and completely dropped out of sight. Perhaps he is rehearsing Santa Claus for a Sunday-school celebration next Christmas. These politicians are queer people.

August 22, 1883

President Arthur Learns Indian

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has made such remarkable progress in his far-Western studies that he already speaks several Indian languages with great fluency. It makes the solemn-visaged Shoshones swell with pride to hear him talk with the interpreter about the pink

scalp of his green mother-in-law, the blue whiskers of the red cat, and other topics copiously set forth in the standard Indian conversation-books.

August 25, 1883

A Great Party Loss

ONE of Solon Chase's famous steers is dead. Thus slowly but surely fade away, one by one, the great distinctive features of the Greenback party. *Hinc illae lacrimae*—hence these steers.

August 27, 1883

Benefits of Western Travel

HIS Western trip will do George F. Hoar a power of good. He will learn that the codfish is no more the national bird than baked beans were the manna which heaven showered upon the children of Israel in the wilderness.

September 14, 1883

Suggestion for a British Statesman

THE Right Hon. John Bright has been making a public address in Birmingham on

our revenue system. It seems to us that he could better employ his time in suggesting a specific for the popular kidney complaint of which he was the author.

September 14, 1883

Prepared for Either Contingency

THE result of the Ohio election is not a surprise to us. We have from the very start predicted the election of Judge Hoadly, basing that prediction on the superior merits of the man, the weakness of the opposition, and the imbecility with which the Republicans have conducted their campaign. Governor Hoadly will make an able executive, and the intelligent public will rejoice that the man Foraker has been relegated to that obscurity from which his party foolishly raised him. [Private to foreman: If Hoadly is elected, print this sure.]

THE result in Ohio is what we predicted and confidently expected. Ohio is not recreant to her duty and her traditions.

She remains in line as one of the grand old Republican States, and there she will remain under the masterly guidance of honest Ben Foraker, who has buried in eternal obloquy the sickly, whimpering head and front of the opposition. Honesty, brains, and manhood have triumphed, and chicanery, malaria, and quinine have been buried deep in oblivion. [Private to foreman: If Foraker is elected, print this paragraph, and omit the above.]

October 10, 1883

How to Know an Ohio Candidate

WHENEVER you see a newspaper picture of a man with a full beard and a sort of have-tried-two-bottles-of-your-medicine-and-been-benefited look about the eyes, you are to know that there is another Ohio candidate in the field.

October 22, 1883

Two Political Fables

AN Angleworm, having been Lacerated and Disjointed by the Iron Heel of Oppression, lay Writhing in the Mud and Slime.

"Ah, my Friend, I am Sorry for you,"

sighed a Doodlebug who was a Witness to this Scene of Horror.

"Nay, spare your Sympathy," quoth the Disabled Worm, with a Smile of Confidence. "I am a Democrat, you know, and although I am Pretty badly Broke up just at Present, I shall be All Right in 1884."

November 8, 1883

A CHICAGO Voter, having Presented himself at the Polls with the Intention of Enjoying the blessed Boon of Suffrage, was rudely Repulsed by the Judges of Election.

"Are you an Irishman?" They asked. Whereupon he Conceded he was Not.

"A German?" inquired They.

"Alas," he cried, "I am Only an American!"

"In that Event," They answered Coldly, "you cannot Vote until you have Produced your Naturalization Papers."

November 8, 1883

Ermine vs. Whitewash

THERE is a movement in New York toward instituting the custom of dressing

the judiciary in ermine. This would be a clever innovation in the Northern latitudes, but, as a general custom, we doubt very much whether it would answer the good old purposes of whitewashing.

January 21, 1884

The Indifference of Greatness

IT is very touching to hear tell of the indifference with which Grover Cleveland received the intelligence that he was nominated, yet these great men of modern times are seldom moved by those things which throw common intellects off their bases or out of plumb. When the news of his nomination was brought to James G. Blaine, the great statesman was sitting at his supper-table.

"What means this noisy intrusion?" he demanded, looking up from his buttered toast and broiled herring.

"You have been nominated for President," hoarsely replied the panting courier.

"Don't you know any better than to interrupt me at my meal?" calmly rejoined Mr. Blaine. "Another cup of tea, please."

Equally unimpassioned was John A. Lo-

gan's remark when his wife came softly to his side a week after his nomination, and said: "John dear, I have something on my mind I want to tell you."

"What is it, my love?" inquired the Illinois statesman, looking wearily up from his Greek poem.

"You have been nominated for Vice-President, my dear," said she.

"Oh, is that all?" said he. "I thought from your sad tone that the girl had broken another cut-glass goblet."

Our good friend Thomas A. Hendricks exhibited the same calmness when he walked into his house the other evening and found his wife in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried. "Did you hear it—did you hear it?"

"Hear what, my dear?" inquired the imperturbable Indianian.

"You 've been nominated for Vice-President!" she cried.

"Yes, I heard a rumor to that effect before I left Chicago," replied the great statesman, "but I attached no importance to it."

July 16, 1884

Imperturbability of Carl Schurz

HE is mistaken who imagines that Mr. Carl Schurz is at all perturbed by the result of the election in Ohio. Schurz is the last man in the world to be disturbed by a knock-down. He has become inured to defeat, and he rather enjoys it. In this particular he is democratic. In 1874, when he was a candidate for reëlection to the United States Senate in Missouri, he made a canvass of the State, accompanied by William Gentry, the independent candidate for governor. His speeches in this canvass were perhaps the most logical, eloquent, and patriotic ever heard in Missouri, yet Schurz was in the habit of saying: "They will vote their Democratic ticket, no matter how thoroughly I may have convinced them." So, while he was aware that his course was a hopeless one, he travelled through the State, speaking here, there, and everywhere from the beginning to the close of the campaign. The morning after the election Schurz, Gentry, and William M. Grosvenor, at that time editor of the St.

Louis *Democrat*, were at Schurz's house receiving returns. Old Man Gentry was seriously disappointed at the results, for he had hoped to be elected. Grosvenor read the returns as fast as they were brought in, while Schurz lay sprawled out upon a sofa, laughing as hilariously as a school-boy.

"I do not think this is very much of a joke," complained old Gentry. "I put about twenty-five hundred dollars into the canvass."

"And I have lost a seat in the United States Senate," said Schurz; "but I suspect you value your twenty-five hundred dollars more than I do the senatorship." Then he added: "We are both young, Gentry. This adversity will do us good."

October 18, 1884

Timely Election Precautions

IT being nigh unto the nones of November, Richard J. Oglesby went into the Forum and conferred with his centurions as to the best methods of procedure.

"Tell me, Catullus Bunn," quoth he, "hast thou the sesterces in yon bag?"

"Ay, in yon very bag," replied the imperious Roman.

"And thou, Longinus Jones," asked he, "what hast thou in thy scriptus scriptorum?"

"Marry, by the Thunderer, sesterces too," quoth Longinus Jones.

"And thou, and thou, and thou?" queried the Latin leader of Lars Porsena Carr, Tarquinius Superbus Littler, and each of the other patricians.

And they all replied, "Sesterces."

"Then hie you among the plebs and scatter these sesterces far and wide," cried the grand old Roman, "and I will stand upon the column of Trajan and proclaim purity and peace unto the gaping Quirites."

October 23, 1884

Recipe for a Nominating Speech

FOR the benefit of the new members of the legislature we desire to submit the following suggestions as to the conventional speech employed in nominating candidates for office. By adhering to this schedule any member can become, in a remarkably

short time, one of the distinguished leaders of his party at Springfield, and will be entitled to a biographical sketch in his county paper at the rate of two dollars per lineal column:

1. Button the lower button of your coat, and allow the lapels of the garment to fluff out over your shirt-front. This will give you a sort of massive dignity which cannot fail to impress the spectators.

2. Lean one elbow on your desk and cross your legs carelessly. This will invest you with an appearance of abandon, and people will say you have remarkable self-possession. If your boots are not blacked, so much the better. The human mind that is absorbed in statesmanly reflection seldom stoops to the vulgar details of a dandy's toilet.

3. Give two or three premonitory "ahems," and cast your eyes about upon the vast concourse before and around you, as perchance the Roman gladiators did when they took in the dimensions of the foe preparatory to disembowelling him.

4. Commence your speech by uttering

the words "Mr. Speaker" in a loud, commanding tone. Do not say "'Ster Speaker," as the vulgar do, but say plain, dignified "Mr. Speaker," and every human eye will be riveted upon you.

5. Pause for a moment. A calm precedes the storm. Let an ominous silence prepare your auditors for the hurricane of eloquence you are about to let loose.

6. State that you arise for a purpose. Do not neglect to assert this fact that you arise. It is one of the fundamental propositions of every truly great legislator's remarks.

7. Proceed to say that your purpose in arising is to place in nomination a man. Thus define the sex of the object you are about to extol.

8. Declare that this man is known throughout all the length and breadth of the State; that his name is a household word; that in points of intelligence, ability, energy, industry, and integrity he has few equals and no superior.

9. Refer to his record as a soldier; dwell at length upon his heroism on the field of

battle; picture some scene of carnage from which he issued with ten thousand saber-cuts and as many more musket-wounds; intimate that his country owes this battered hero much more than it ever can pay, but express a willingness to compromise temporarily on the office in question. At this juncture you may uncross your legs, apply your handkerchief to your eyes, and await thunders of applause.

10. Proceed to repeat the somewhat trite saw that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. Say that this scarred veteran has served his country in a private capacity with as much fidelity as he manifested upon soil that reeked with gore. Refer to the gentle, modest, manly demeanor of your client; say how beloved he is by all who know him, how charitable he is, and how law-abiding. If ever he has been a constable or a deputy sheriff, dwell at some length upon the ability with which he discharged the responsible duties confided to his hands by his admiring fellow-citizens.

11. Now you may allude to the rival candidates, damning them with faint praise,

and expressing your willingness to submit to the will of the majority if the majority sees fit to ignore the superlative qualifications of your friend for the claims of a less competent but no more honorable candidate.

12. Refer to the demand which these trying times make for the best men in office. Warn your party to beware of intrusting its interests in the hands of untried men, and ask upon whom could reliance be placed more safely than upon the soldier-citizen whose name you are about to pronounce.

13. Here you may take a drink of water, and in doing so have a care to act your part so well as to leave no lingering suspicion in the minds of the spectators that you are only slightly acquainted with the beverage.

14. The peroration. Make a protracted synopsis of all you have said. Be sure to ring in a mass of flubdud and flapdoodle about the old flag and the old soldier.

15. Mention your candidate's name in a clear, ringing voice, and with a majestic swing of both arms. Then sit down and wait for the applause to die away.

16. Hand a cigar to each of the news-

paper correspondents, with the remark that you are a constant reader of his paper and are ready at all times to do it a service.

January 9, 1885

The Bugaboos of Egypt (Illinois).

LITTLE Quincy E. Browning had gone to bed. He was a good child, and when Gran'ma Haines told him it was seven o'clock and time for little boys to be asleep, he suffered the dear old creature to undress and put him in his quiet crib. The pale air of Sangamon County whistled dolorously around the house-corner and played mournful fugues and requiems in the asthmatic chimney. It was no wonder the child was filled with vague, mysterious forebodings.

"Gran'ma," said little Quincy, as he cuddled his pretty head on the soft pillow, "gran'ma, tell me about the bugaboos."

Dear old Gran'ma Haines was astounded. Never before had little Quincy made such a preposterous request. Heretofore he had asked his gran'ma to tell him about lambies and doggies and kitties and rabbits, and

occasionally, after eating too heartily of cake or pie, he had wanted to know about lions and tigers and big blue bears, but never, oh, never before had the child expressed a desire to hear tell of bugaboos. Gran'ma was astounded.

"Why, Quincy," exclaimed gran'ma, "how come you to know anything about bugaboos?"

"Little Andy Welch told me about them," replied Quincy.

"I thought so," ejaculated gran'ma, with a weary sigh. "I might have known better than let you associate with that Welch boy. He 's a very naughty child to fill your head with thoughts about bugaboos."

"But what is a bugaboo?" persisted the child.

"A bugaboo is a very dreadful thing, my dear," said gran'ma, with a tremendous shudder.

"Where do they live, gran'ma?"

"Alas! everywhere," replied gran'ma. "Some in Moultrie County, some in Vermilion, some in Stephenson, and some in Kendall, but the most dreadful bugaboo I

ever saw lives away down in Egypt, and his name is Dave."

"How does he look?" demanded little Quincy, sitting bolt upright in bed and opening his china-blue eyes to their widest capacity.

"Oh, he is a very horrifying object," said gran'ma. "He is short and chunky, and is all covered with hair, and he has a voice like thunder, and he loves to eat little children like you."

Upon receipt of this information little Quincy flopped back on his pillow and drew the bedclothes over his head, and lay there trembling like a sick cat.

"Yes," continued Gran'ma Haines, "Bugaboo Dave is the terror of all little Democratic children. If you are good he will not come near you, but if you are naughty he will crawl down the chimney and pull you out of your crib and fly away with you."

Amid violent tremblings and half-suppressed sobs little Quincy solemnly protested he would be a good boy all the rest of his life.

"I hope so, Quincy, I hope so," said Gran'ma Haines. "But you cannot be a good boy if you play with naughty boys like Andy Welch and Johnny Baker and Genie Kimbrough and Eddie Cronkrite. They put bad thoughts into your pure little mind, and teach you all sorts of wicked ways that make your poor old gran'ma very unhappy."

With renewed tremblings and increased solemnity little Quincy assured gran'ma that never, never, never again would he play with the naughty boys or have anything to do with them.

Gran'ma Haines seemed greatly relieved by this assurance. She bent over the crib and kissed the rich, ripe lips of the handsome child.

"If you keep your promise," said gran'ma, impressively, "Bugaboo Dave will never hurt you."

Gran'ma was about to leave the room when little Quincy asked her to sing him to sleep. It was gran'ma's custom, and he had an inexhaustible repertory of Isaac Watts's hymns in stock.

"Shall I sing about the little star?" asked gran'ma.

"No; sing about Bugaboo Dave," said little Quincy.

So gran'ma reseated herself beside little Quincy's crib and sang this entertaining lullaby:

There was a wonderful bugaboo
  Lived in a drear Egyptian clime,
And with a base intent he flew
  Up northward once upon a time.
Where little Quincy Browning slept,
  This boogy flew without delay,
And down the chimney-flue he crept
  To steal that pretty child away.

Awakened in the dead of night
  By him a-crawling down the flue,
Imagine little Quincy's fright
  To see the dreadful bugaboo.
He wept with all his might and main
  Till all his tears were nearly spent,
But his remonstrances were vain—
  The bugaboo would not relent.

"Be quiet," hissed the bugaboo,
  And then he scratched the infant sore,
And from his little crib he drew
  The screaming child upon the floor.

But all for nothing were his pains,
For as he flew to Egypt wild
In rushed the good old Gran'ma Haines
To see what ailed her precious child.

"Go, leave my pretty dear alone,
And never dare again intrude!"
Cried gran'ma, in a savage tone
And with a threatening attitude.
He dropped his screaming, struggling prey,
And scuttled up the chimney-flue;
And back to Egypt far away
Escaped the dreadful bugaboo.

All that night little Quincy dreamed about Bugaboo Dave, and in the morning the dreadful lullaby was fresh in his memory.

"Gran'ma," said the child, "I am going to be good. I am not going to play with Andy nor Genie nor Johnny nor Eddie, and if that horrid old Bugaboo Dave comes near me, I shall run right straight to you."

"That is right," cried gran'ma, kissing him tenderly. "Always do what your good old gran'ma tells you to do, and there will be harmony in his party."

January 28, 1885

Experience of a Vice-President

FROM the diary of Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks we are permitted to make the following quotations:

"March 4. Delightful weather. Stood up in carriage and received homage of fellow-countrymen.

"Was sworn in. Salvos of artillery.

"March 7. Cloudy and cool. Signed four hundred applications. Met the President to-day. He bowed.

"March 13. Trying climate. Cold. Signed seven hundred applications, and more to come. Was at depot all morning meeting Western people. Shook hands with all. Funny that the President has not come to my room to talk business.

"March 15. Colder.

"March 19. Colder. Put on extra suit of flannels. Saw President again to-day. He bowed.

"March 21. Can never stand this. Too cold for any use. Must go back to Indiana to get thawed out."

March 24, 1885

Arcadian Simplicity

HAVING eaten a hearty breakfast of corn-beef hash and johnny-cake, President Cleveland put on his hat and overcoat and strode toward the front door of the White House.

"Your Excellency," cried Secretary Lamont, "where are you going at this early hour of the morning? It is hardly five o'clock."

"I am going for a short walk," replied the President. "I will be back at half-past seven—in plenty of time to read the paper, look over my mail, write a proclamation or two, and make out a list of nominations before the Senate convenes. I am going around to the various departments to see if my cabinet officers have caught the spirit of the administration and have returned to the Arcadian simplicity of the Jacksonian epoch."

And with these words President Cleveland opened the front door and issued forth into the raw, chilly air of the March morning. The brisk breeze blowing from the south-

west bore to his ears the faint echo of the din of hammers busily employed in the distant navy-yard at the good work of restoring American sovereignty on the waters of the globe. The lights in the Treasury Department were dim, yet every room was lighted up; and it was evident that all hands were at work, in accordance with Secretary Manning's order that all the employees of the civil service should report for duty at 4:30 A.M. every week-day. President Cleveland entered the Treasury building and asked the janitor where Colonel Manning was to be found.

"He is down in the vaults counting the money," said the janitor, "and he cannot be disturbed."

Mr. Cleveland expostulated, and was compelled to disclose his identity before the janitor would listen to him. But, being satisfied at last that the visitor really was the President, the janitor conducted him through devious passages, down winding stairways, and under curious moats, until finally the labyrinthine vaults were reached. Here, surrounded by piles of shining gold

and silver pieces, sat the Secretary of the Treasury, counting the national hoard by the dim light of a candle.

"I am sorry you came," said the secretary to the President, "for I really have so much work to do that I have no time to talk."

Then Mr. Cleveland observed that Colonel Manning was attired in naught but an undershirt, his trousers, and a pair of high-heeled boots.

"Good!" thought the President. Then he said aloud: "But where is the gas, Dan, and why are you using this wretched tallow dip?"

"I have had the gas-meter taken out of the building," said the secretary, "and have returned to the good old Democratic simplicity of candles. By this means the sum of ninety thousand dollars will be saved to the country annually."

"And what are you doing now?" asked the President.

"Counting the money in the Treasury," replied Colonel Manning. "I intend to know for myself whether any peculations

have been indulged in by my Republican predecessors. Already I have discovered a number of questionable things. For instance, I have found the tail-feathers pulled out of a large number of the eagles on the 1877 coinage of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and I intend to trace the burglarious outrage to its uttermost until the guilty party is brought to justice."

"That is right," said the President, and as he walked away he felicitated himself and his country upon having secured the coöperation of such an honest, fearless patriot as the Albany journalist.

In the State Department, too, the tawdry gas-fixtures had been removed to make way for the unostentatious candle. Owing to a dimness of vision, however, Secretary Bayard was compelled to use a kerosene-lamp, and this stood upon his white pine table, emitting a fragrance which the rose of Sharon might have envied. Bayard wore no collar or tie. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and the President observed that the shirt was a woollen one; only, to preserve the necessary dignity on state occasions, the

secretary wore a white celluloid bosom, but otherwise his attire was rigidly plain.

"Yes, I am very busy," said Mr. Bayard; "and I have been hard at work since three o'clock this morning. Having abolished the three hundred type-writers and forty-eight stenographers formerly employed in this department, I have my hands full answering the letters. Here," he continued, as he wearily laid his pale hand on a mass of crumpled sheets of paper, "here are letters from Queen Victoria, King William, Dom Pedro, Kalakaua, Alfonso, the Czar, Taing-ho, General Barrios, the Ahkoond of Swat, the Emir of Bagdool, the Begum of Mysore, and a hundred other potentates, which must be answered before the noon mail goes out."

In the Navy Department Secretary Whitney was not to be found. Over a work-bench in one corner of the room leaned a boy contemplating with awe and admiration the model of a patent canal-boat which calmly floated on the bosom of a tub of cistern water.

"Can you tell me where to find the Sec-

retary of the Navy?" sternly demanded the President, who was evidently pained to see one of the lad's years idling in this manner.

"Dunno," replied the boy, "but guess he 's in the gymnasium over 'cross the hall."

President Cleveland stepped across the hall and opened a door on which was pasted a sheet of paper bearing the written legend, "Private." Yes, there was the Secretary of the Navy, attired in a sleeveless jersey and a pair of white cotton drawers, and engaged at pulling vigorously at a rowing-machine.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed President Cleveland. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Learning the business," replied Secretary Whitney, between pulls. "I am determined to acquaint myself with every detail of the marine and navy service. My arms have grown an inch and a half in ten days. Bill Chandler knew nothing about the minutiæ of the department, and I am resolved to put his administration to the blush. I am learning to swim, and I go to the natatorium twice a day to take lessons."

As the President strolled toward the War

Department offices his bosom heaved with emotions of exultation.

"How admirably have I chosen my associates!" he murmured. "On every hand I find irrefutable evidence that the spirit of my administration has infused every subordinate and coördinate branch."

On the walls of the War Office were divers chromos and lithographed prints of Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Israel Putnam, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, Winfield Scott Hancock, and other great generals; also a framed daguerreotype of old Admiral Crowninshield in the costume of an honorary member of the Hull Yacht club of Boston. Armed soldiers paced to and fro over the sanded floor or studied the maps of the Sioux, Ute, and Modoc reservations, which were spread out on the varnished deal tables. When President Cleveland inquired where Secretary Endicott was, one of the gloomy sentinels pointed in the direction of an inner room, and thither the President drifted. A surprising spectacle greeted him as he entered. Secretary Endicott, clad only in a blouse

and trousers of army blue, and wearing a fatigue-cap, stood at one end of the room, holding a cavalry pistol in both hands, and firing at a target at the other end of the room. The target consisted of the head of a barrel, upon which uncertain rings had been described with white chalk. *Bang!* went the big pistol, and the recoil threw the Secretary of War into the arms of the President.

"It is all-fired strange," exclaimed the secretary, "but I have fired over two hundred cartridges at that goldarned target, and I hain't hit it once. I 'm a mighty poor shot—don't believe I could hit the side of a meetin'-house; but I 'm goin' to keep on tryin' till the country owns up I 'm the goldarnedest best cabinet officer they had since Uncle Crowninshield was on deck."

Then the secretary sat down on the corner of the table and ate his modest luncheon of nutcakes and cheese, while the President talked with him about the troubles on the Oklahoma border.

"By the way," said the President, picking

up a cartridge from the pile that lay on the floor, "have you been using these all the time?"

"Yes," replied the secretary, mopping the powder-dust and perspiration from his undaunted brow; "I 've fired more 'n three hundred of them this mornin'."

"Then it 's no wonder you have n't hit the target," said the President, with an amused chuckle, "for, my dear fellow, these are blank cartridges."

"Well, I swow!" exclaimed the secretary. "You don't say so!"

President Cleveland chuckled to himself all the way over to the Post-Office Department. But he was proud of his War Secretary just the same. Endicott was honest and earnest. That was the kind of man the era of reform demanded.

A beautiful young woman, wearing a calico dress, was carrying a three-hundred-pound mail-sack filled with letters through the hall.

"Is Secretary Vilas in?" inquired the President.

"No, sir," answered the beautiful being

in the calico, as she hurried along with the mail-sack.

President Cleveland was shocked. He had never suspected that Vilas would be the first to grow remiss in his duties. With anguish in his soul, the President entered the Attorney-General's office. It was in full blast.

The subordinates were ranged in two semicircles about General Garland, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was propounding questions upon matters which concerned the intelligent conduct of the department. "What is replevin?" "What is the jurisdiction of a Missouri justice of the peace?" "Explain the difference between 'de jure' and 'de facto'"; "What is a posse comitatus, and wherein does it differ from the Arkansas possum?" "What is a change of venue?"—these and similar interrogatories did the learned Attorney-General put to his class, and the President was pleased to hear that the responses came quickly and, for the greater part, were correct.

"I will not interrupt them," thought the President; so he retired noiselessly and

slipped over to the Interior Department. All was commotion here, and Secretary Lamar was busiest of the busy.

"We have been hard at work since daylight," said the secretary. "You see, I have not had time to brush my hair or comb my beard. In fact, I was in such a hurry that I came down-town with my nightcap on. As Horace said, 'De juvente pluribus noctantur,' and in the words of the old Greek philosopher, 'Kai telos epithaimos gar gignosko.'"

The President applauded the enthusiasm which prevailed. Outside the Pension Office several hundred one-armed and wooden-legged veterans were seeking admittance. Inside the office the crowd of old soldiers was still greater. Standing on tiptoe and peering over the crowd, the President could see the Pension Commissioner, General Black, hard at work handing out bags of money to the crippled pensioners.

"'T is well," said President Cleveland, smiling. Then he went back to the Post-Office Department, but Vilas was not there. This was a severe blow—an awful shock.

President Cleveland brooded over it, and the tears came into his eyes. As he passed the Department of Agriculture he saw the commissioner in the garden watering the tulips and pruning the young rhubarb plants. This sight cheered him somewhat, but still the President brooded over Vilas's absence from his post of duty, and he indulged in the most melancholy reflections until he nearly reached home—yes, till he had come to the White House gate. Then a cheery whistle started him from his sad revery. Looking up, he beheld Secretary Vilas tripping gayly down the walk, carrying a leathern bag and whistling a merry air from "Falka."

"I have just left a bundle of letters with Lamont for you," said Vilas.

"How do you happen to be here instead of at your post of duty?" inquired the President, gloomily.

"Why, when I got down to the office at four o'clock this morning," explained Vilas, "I found one of our men sick, so I concluded to carry his route for him myself to-day."

A few moments later President Cleveland, having removed his coat, collar, and necktie, seated himself at his desk in the White House, and was ready for work.

"Daniel," said he to his private secretary, "I feel encouraged, for I have irrefutable evidence that my cabinet is en rapport with the administration. The republic has indeed entered upon an era of Arcadian simplicity."

March 27, 1885

Tribute to the Huckleberry

THE Hon. Edward S. Phelps, recently appointed minister to England, is a poet—perhaps not as great a poet as James Russell Lowell, but still a poet. His verses on "The Huckleberry" are a pretty fair sample of his best vein:

The huckleberry is a fruit
That fills my soul with joy;
I used to revel in its charms
When I was but a boy.

I picked it from its native bush,
And took it home with me,
And put it in the earthen bowl
When I sat down to tea.

And then I broke some bread and poured
  The milk up to the brim;
The huckleberry floated round
  Until I needed him.

How hard and fat and sweet he was,
  How full of toothsome joy!
Oh, he was one of life's delights
  When I was but a boy!

And still, though I am old in years,
  And gray and feeble too,
The huckleberry cheers my soul
  As it did use to do.

April 3, 1885

The Wise Mugwump Bird

"THOU bird with the beautiful tra-la-la-lee,"
  Sang Governor Hill one day,
"Oh, why do you roost in that crab-apple
    tree,
So far from the rest of creation and me?
  I prithee, come down this way.
The Michaelmas moon lends a mystical hue
  To the scen'ry in forest and dale;
So, prithee, hop down for a minute or two
  While I sprinkle some salt on your tail."

But never a word did the Mugwump reply
As he sat on the crab-apple limb,
And a taunting expression enveloped his eye
As he heard the remorseful, importunate cry
Which the statesman addressed unto him;
Then up to his shapely but cynical nose
He lifted one leg with a smile,
And mockingly tweedled his willowy toes
In a highly significant style.

October 14, 1885

Cause and Effect

FIRST M. C. I hear that a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson is living in distressful poverty over at Georgetown.

SECOND M. C. So much for Jefferson's confounded simplicity.

January 9, 1886

No Single Standard for Him

"WHERE do you stand on the silver question, Mr. Steinbecker?"

"Vot you mean?"

"Well, are you in favor of a single standard or a double standard of money?"

"Oh, I vos in favor off a touble schtantart —von to buy mit and von to sell mit. Py chiminy, if ve have only von schtantart of value vere vill der profits come in?"

March 8, 1886

A VALENTINE

TO THE EVER-ADORABLE AND EVER-GRACIOUS
MISSES ANNA DELLA AND ELIZABETH
WINSLOW, AGED TEN AND SEVEN
YEARS RESPECTIVELY

IF I were Eric Ericsson, with flowing
flaxen hair,
Perhaps Miss Anna Della would not scoff at
my despair.
Perhaps my sweet Elizabeth would bless
me with a smile
If I were Patrick Miles O'Dowd—a lord
from Erin's isle.
Alas, I am not Eric, and alas, I am not Pat!
I simply am a Yankee boy, and a tough old
one at that.
Yet do I love these beauteous maids whom
I have named above,

And send them both this valentine to tell
them of my love —
A paltry, graceless thing, yet with a thou-
sand kisses sealed,
And autographed (as you observe) by poor
old FIELD.

February 14, 1895

THE TIN BANK

SPEAKING of the banks, I 'm bound to say
That a bank of tin is far the best,
And I know of one that has stood for years
In a pleasant home away out West;
It had stood for years on the mantelpiece,
Between the clock and the Wedgwood plate —
A wonderful bank, as you 'll concede
When you 've heard the things I 'll now relate.

This bank was made of McKinley tin,
Well soldered up at sides and back;
But it did n't resemble tin at all,
For they 'd painted it over an iron-black.
And that it really was a bank
'T was an easy thing to see and say,
For above the door in gorgeous red
Appeared the letters B-A-N-K.

This bank had been so well devised
  And wrought so cunningly that when
You put your money in that hole
  It could n't get out of that hole again!
Somewhere about that stanch, snug thing
  A secret spring was hid away,
But where it was, or how it worked —
  Excuse me, please, but I will not say.

Thither, with dimpled cheeks aglow
  Came pretty children oftentimes,
And, standing upon a stool or chair,
  Put in their divers pence and dimes.
Once Uncle Hank came home from town,
  After a cycle of grand events,
And put in a round blue ivory thing
  He said was good for fifty cents!

The bank went clinkety-clinkety-clink,
  And larger grew the precious sum,
Which grandma said she hoped would prove
  A gracious boon to heathendom!
But there were those — I call no names —
  Who did not fancy any plan
That did not in some wise involve
  The candy and banana man.

Listen: Once when the wind went "Y-o-o-o-o-o-o!"
When with a wail the screech-owl flew
Out of her lair in the haunted barn—
There came three burglars down the road,
Three burglars skilled in arts of sin,
And they cried: "What 's this? Aha! Oho!"

They burgled from half-past ten P. M.
Till the village bell struck four o'clock;
They hunted and searched and guessed and tried—
But the little tin bank would not unlock!
They could n't discover the secret spring!
So when the barn-yard rooster crowed,
They up with their tools and stole away,
With the bitter remark that they 'd be blowed!

Next morning came a sweet-faced child,
And reached her dimpled hand to take
A nickel to send to the heathen poor
And a nickel to spend for her stomach's sake;

She pressed the hidden secret spring,
  And lo! the bank flew open then
With a cheery creek that seemed to say:
  "I am glad to see you come again!"

If you were I, and if I were you,
  What would we keep our money in?
In a down-town bank of British steel
  Or an at home bank of McKinley tin?
Some want silver and some want gold,
  But the little tin bank that wants the two
And is run on the double-standard plan —
  Why, that is the bank for me and you!

June 22, 1895

MY SABINE FARM

AT last I have a Sabine farm
Abloom with shrubs and flowers;
And garlands gay I weave by day
Amid those fragrant bowers;
And yet, O fortune hideous,
I have no blooming Lydias;
And what, ah, what 's a Sabine farm to us
without its Lydias?

Within my cottage is a room
Where I would fain be merry;
Come one and all unto that hall,
Where you 'll be welcome, very!
I 've a butler who 's Hibernian —
But no, I 've no Falernian!
And what, ah, what 's a Sabine farm to you
without Falernian?

Upon this cosey Sabine farm
  What breeds my melancholy?
Why is my Muse down with the blues
  Instead of up and jolly?
A secret this between us:
I 'm shy of a Mæcenas!
And what 's, oh, what 's a Sabine farm to
    me without Mæcenas!

August 1, 1895

THE VINEYARD

INTO the vineyard I went with Bill,
  Blithe as youth can be,
As the sun declined beyond the hill
  And drowsed in the western sea;
And under the arching vines we sat,
And we sampled this and we sampled that
Till we did n't know where we were at,
  Nor the devil a bit cared we.

Out of the vineyard I came with Bill,
  Just in time to see
The sun peep over an eastern hill
  And grin at Bill and me.
And Bill remarked: "We quit too soon;
Let us sit in the light of that silvery moon
And list to the nightingale's plaintive tune!"
  So back to the vineyard went we.

September 7, 1895

FOR THE CHARMING MISS I. F.'S ALBUM

IF you loved me as I love you,
No knife could cut our love in two!
Not even though that envious blade
Of rare Toledo stuff was made,
Not though its handle lay within
The grasp of mighty Saladin;
I should not heed; its feeble shock
Would fall as on a flinty rock,
And its attack would simply be
A trifling incident to me;
It could not cut our love in two
If you loved me as I love you!

Nor could the mighty cyclone's wrath,
That levels cities in its path,
Uproots whole forests, mows the grain,
And furrows up the stubborn plain,
It could not cause me to repine
If only your true love were mine!

I 'd bid the boisterous breezes blow —
Knowing as only I should know
They could not rend our love in two
If you loved me as I love you!

And if a Herr Professor came
(I hint no hint, I name no name!) —
What if he came from oversea,
And fiddled, as can only he,
Antique sonatas by the score,
Études and opuses galore,
And other tunes from foreign lands
One likes, but seldom understands —
The tweedledees and tweedledums
We always get when Thomas comes;
We 'd let him fiddle — all his art
Could never fiddle us apart,
Could never charm our love in two
If you loved me as I love you!

If — ah, that "if" stands in the way,
And so I 've nothing more to say;
I 'll to your father; he 'll insure
A speedy menticulture cure
For him who would not wail "boo-hoo"
If you loved me as I love you!

October 16, 1895

A GROUP OF PROFITABLE TALES

How Milton Dictated to a Type-Writer

IT befell anon that Mistress Milton grew grievously aweary for the labour wherewith her father taxed her, for there is none that shall not comprehend that the labour of transcribing doth presently vex the brain and weary the hand, such being especially the case when she that is so burthened is a proper wench of tender age. Therefore, on a day whiles the birds made merry music in the boscage without, and the young folks were at diverting play, Mistress Milton leaned her head upon her hand and heaved a sigh that bespoke uncomfortableness within.

"Marry, dochter mine," quoth old John Milton, "I see that you are aweary." He

spoke after the manner of his kind, for, truth to say, he colde see not at all, in that he was blind, but, as all men knowe, they that be blind speake continually of how that they see when they do not see, their sight being, as I you tell, of the understanding, and not, as you might think, of the visual organs.

"In sooth, father, I am sorely spent," saies the dochter. "Whiles the others be at their sweete employments, lo, here sit I all days and halfe the night, with no thing to divert me but the music of thy voice and the abominable scratching of this quill. Thy voice, deare father, is ever precious to me, and it is plaisaunce to me to do thy will, but I am weak in the flesche, and I pine to serve thee in a way as profitable and as proper, but more easier withal."

"Tell me thy meaning, childe," quod he.

"I have heern tell of an engine where-with these writings I do may be done more quickly than I do them now," she saies. "As matters be now, my hands and frock are stained with ink continually, and there are full many and grievous corns upon my

fingers from usage of this quill; but this engine whereof I speak is so devised that one may use it the compass of a day and transcribe whole folios therewith, yet shall his hands and his raiment be as clean as a newly washed sheep's liver."

"Where shall soche an engine be boughten?" he asked the wench.

"In the street yonder, near the sighn of the Blue Swan, over against the King's Tavern," she quoth, "and the price therefor is one pound six."

"Odds boddikins! 't is a passing pretty sum," he cried. "I like not vain costliness; but, if it pleaseth thee, buy and fetch the engine whereof thou art enamoured."

Now by this lesson are we shown how precious swift this father was to do what seemed pleasing in the eyes of his dochter, and it was a righteous thing, trewly, for that a father sholde do his dochter's plaisaunce is most sweete and proper, and I do defend the same, for a dochter is ever a joy and a blessing, and which is not a sonne, being continually minded, whiles yet he is a boy, to ramp and to rash and to roore like

a hejeous wild beeste and to raise Sheol generally, a most lamentable and dangerous thing withal.

But when that this engine whereof Mistress Milton spake, and for which she bargained in the sum of one pound six —when that this engine ben brought home and ben put in the father's study, grievous was the torment that befell the father, who, having always heard nony sound but the merry scratchings of his dochter's quill whiles that she wrote the lines that he spake, was sorely astound and vexed by the profane slickings of this worldly engine. Yet, for a space, he bore his suffering as well soever as he colde, and his dochter did with exceeding merriment take down his dictacion in this wise as followeth, to witt:

"A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog—"

"Lackaday!" cried Mistress Milton, "and in what fashion do you spell 'Serbonian'?"

"S-e-r-b-o-n-i-a-n," quoth he, and thereunto he added, "with an upper-case S."

"Zooks! I put it in a lower-case," saies

she; "but, marry come up with a wanion! I can change it anow."

Then did Master John Milton proceed with the dictacion again: "Betwixt Damatia with a cap D and Mount Casius old with a cap C, where armies whole have sunk semicolon the parching air—hist, what sound was that?"

"What sound, father?" asked Mistress Milton.

"Heard you no sound as if of a bell? Methinketh there is some one at the front door."

"Nay, nay, father," quoth the dochter. "The bell whereof you heard the sound is the bell of this engine here, which warneth me that I am come unto the ende of a line, else but for which bell sholde I speedily be writing over the side of the paper upon no thing but the wind."

Thereat was Master John Milton mightily displeased, nor wolde his temper be comforted until that he had had a goodly glass of mulberry wine. Yet even this wolde not assuage his discomfiture, for with the clicking of the keys of the engine and the jing-

ling of the bell of the same he was vexed continually until, finally, he fell into a distemper that had like to carried him off. Still wolde he not rebel against the machine, for that he loved his dochter so.

But on a day it befell that the machine gave a sodaine snap and wolde not go nony more.

"What is the matter of the machine?" asked Master John Milton.

"In sooth, I wot that one of the taipes been brasted," saies his dochter.

"Thank God!" cried he. "Take it away from this once happy home."

Then did he discourse unto his dochter of how that he had suffered for her sake, and he forbade her the machine, which same he did declare to be an instrument of Satan and a device for lazy peoples.

"But, father," saies Mistress Milton, "Gath and Joe Howard and thy other competitors do use the like of this machine, and you must use it, too, or, forsooth, you shall not be able to keep up with the procession."

"My dochter," quoth the olde man, full solemnly, "I have been in the epic-poetry swim for going on forty years, and this

lesson have I trewly learned: That he that wolde make enduring literature can make it in one way alone; that no ingenuity can devise a way whereby the labour and the pains of this ennobling art shall be lessened one whit. As in groans and in tears and in anguish all mortal men are brought forth into mortality, so with exceeding labour only and slavish diligence withal are immortal words brought forth unto immortality; likewise, also, as the mother loveth best the child that grieveth her most poignantly in travail, so that which issueth with the mightiest labour from the brain is of the brain most sweetly beloved and reverenced. Take thou this thing away, my dochter, and let us twain toil on as we were wont to do, hardly, mayhap, and with exceeding slowness, yet patiently withal, and having in our hearts the sure confidence of immortality."

May 18, 1889

What Transformed Damnation Bill

THE change in Bill was noticed the very day that Bill got back from the East. It

surprised and shocked us all. Before he went away Bill was the liveliest and genuinest thoroughbred in the camp. I dare say that in all the Red Hoss Mountain district there was n't a gentleman who could lay his tongue to stronger oaths and more of 'em than could Bill. That 's why he was known far and wide as "Damnation Bill," for the name that a fellow was known by out in that God's own country in them days was not the name given to him by his sponsors in baptism, but by the other fellows, who, having pardnered with him and studied his idiosyncrasies, were qualified to give him a name that clearly and directly conveyed a sufficient idea, as the saying goes, of the most salient features of his character. Damnation Bill was a name that fitted Bill to a T.

Curiously enough, when Bill got back from the East, he did n't do no more swearing, and it was that circumstance which created the scandal—the first scandal Bill had ever been identified with. Talking it over among ourselves, the rest of us fellows figured it that Bill must have got religion

while he was down East, and this seemed all the more likely when we found out, just by chance, one evening that Bill had been down East to see his mother.

"Well," says Barber Jim, "if he has got religion and has broke away from the old traditions, supposin' we call him 'Parson Bill.'"

Just then Bill come in on us. He had overheerd what Barber Jim said, although Barber Jim had n't any idea that Bill was within gunshot of Casey's, where we was all confabulating.

"Boys," says Bill, as calm-like as you please, "you can call me the old name if you want to, or you can call me any other name, and I won't kick. I guess the worst name you could give me would n't be too good for me. But I want you to know that I hain't got religion, and ther bein' no objection, I 'll tell you somepin' that, bein' pardners of mine, you ought to know.

"I was n't more than a kid," says Bill, "when the war broke out. I lived with the old folks down East—was the country-est boy you ever seen. Readin' the Springfield *Republican* from day to day as how

the flag was insulted, how forts had been fired on, and how the Union was in danger, I—why, of course, my boy blood was up, and I was just everlastin'ly bilin' over to jine the war and go to the front and save the country. So I run away from home. It was hard on the old folks, for I was their only child, and I can understand now that their hearts was just sot on me. Well, I walked all the way to Chatham Corners and joined the cavalry they was musterin' there. I was only sixteen then, but I was big enough for twenty. They needed recruits, and they did n't ask too many questions. At Washington I wrote back home, and after that I got letters from mother or father twice a week, and it was n't long before father sent me the colt he had raised and broke and had great hopes of for the next country fair trottin'-match, if I had n't gone and joined the cavalry. They never scolded me for runnin' away; it was always 'God bless you,' and 'Do your duty,' and things of that kind, they wrote, and mother always put in a P.S., saying, 'Willie, don't forget to say your prayers.'

"Some of you," says Bill, "were in that war, and you know what army life was. Say my prayers! Why, who thought of prayin' in the midst of that wild, hard, excitin' life? Least of all the boys who had known only the quiet and humdrum of country life. Pardners, it does me good to lift the weight off my mind and tell you that I grew to be the toughest of the lot. And swear? Why, they used to sit around and laugh at me, I got so accomplished at it. No wonder they called me Damnation Bill. I earned that title sure.

"The end of the war found me in Kentucky. Some of the boys were goin' to the mountains, for they had no homes to call them back. They meant to get rich quick, and the gold-minin' fever caught 'em. Why should n't I go with them? I had no hankerin' for the old life in New England, with its quiet folks and humdrum, go-to-meetin' ways—not I. The war had given me a taste of adventure. I was n't long makin' up my fool boy mind to take my chances with my soldier comrades. So across the plains I come, and with the rest

at Pike's Peak I busted. There was harder times after that. I tended bar two years in Denver; then I drove a hack a spell; and after that I dealt in Charley Sampson's bank. Last thing of all, gettin' desperate, I bought an outfit and come up to Red Hoss Mountain, havin' heard Casey and Three-fingered Hoover tell of the prospects in this country. You see, I was too proud to go back home, bein' broke. A good many times I 'd have given my skin to be there, eatin' mother's pies and snoozin' in her feather beds, but I was too proud to go back broke. So I stayed right here and done my best with the rest of you fellows.

"The home folks kept writin' the same old kind of letters, cheerful and patient-like, sendin' lots of love and tellin' me over and over again about things I had entirely forgotten. They never scolded me about bein' so wayward; it was always, 'God bless you,' and 'Do your duty,' and, just as she had done when I was a boy in the war, mother always put a P.S., sayin', 'Willie, don't forget to say your prayers.' I used to laugh when I read that; the idea

of Damnation Bill sayin' his prayers was comical.

"I struck it rich last fall, as you all know. From bein' a grub-staker one week I was in a fair way to be a bonanza king the next; and I was startin' to Denver one mornin' to see about fixin' up some arrangement with Dave Moffat's bank, when along come a telegraph telling father was dead and would I come at oncet.

"Things have shrunk up down East since I was a boy. I found that out when I went back home for the first time in twenty years. The wood lots and home pastures ain't as big as they used to be. The lanes ain't only about half as wide, and they turn oftener. The houses are smaller, and the front stoops and front doors are so low that a fellow like me, that's six feet two, don't have much satisfaction doin' business with 'em. Only mother had n't changed. She was white-haired, and she was fatter than she used to be, and sometimes, though she did n't complain, I noticed that it hurt her to walk much. But she was the same mother that I had run away from twenty

years ago. Seemed funny to be called Willie after bein' called that other name, you know, so long. But, bless our mothers' hearts, us fellows is always Willie to them.

"I went to bed at nine o'clock that night —went to bed in the same room that was mine when I was a little kid. The pictures on the wall came back to me—little Samuel, Uncle William Fosdick that I was named after, the first Sunday-school card that I got, and Flora Temple and George N. Patchen in their great trot (I got that one myself). The bed was high and feathery, and the comfortable smelt good and old-fashioned. It made me sleepy and dreamy-like just to be there. Had n't more 'n got into bed before in come mother, carryin' a candle. 'Willie,' says she, 'maybe you 'll laugh at me, but I 'm gettin' old and childish-like, maybe, and now that you 've come back to me, I want to take up with you just where I left off when you—when you went away at your country's call.' You see, she put it—my runnin' away—she put it tenderly to me. 'Willie,' says she, 'I want to tuck you up in bed just as I used to. I used to worry when you catched

cold of nights—you always were such a hand at kickin' off the clothes in your sleep.' 'Why, mother,' says I, 'I don't need tuckin' up. I 'm as snug and as warm as a meadow-mouse under a haystack.' But mother would n't take no for an answer. She just puttered around that bed and kept tuckin' in the clothes, tellin' me all the time what a comfort it had always been to her and father, before he died, to feel that I had been a good boy and said my prayers and lived by their teachin', and never done a dishonest thing, nor learned to lie and swear and gamble and race horses, as other boys of the neighbors had. Yes, mother said all of this, and there I lay like a great big baby and let her believe it. And her hands sort of lingered around me and seemed to caress the very blankets that covered me.

"When she went to go out she stopped sudden-like and turned as if she had just thought of somethin'.

"'Willie,' says she, 'have you said your prayers?'

"'No, mother, I hain't,' says I.

"'You waited until you got into bed,'

says mother. 'That 's what you used to do when you was a boy, because it was "so cold," you said. Maybe it 's foolish of me, Willie, but just to please me, who have n't had my boy with me for twenty years, just to kind of humor me, let me hear you say your prayers to-night as you used to.'

"Say my prayers? After twenty years of backslidin' and neglect, say my prayers? I just lay there and shivered. How could I tell mother I had forgotten 'em?

"'Say 'em after me, Willie, as you used to,' said mother.

"'Yes, mother,' says I. And so, through it all to the end, mother lined it out to me, and I repeated it. Damnation Bill was n't there at all; there was n't any such man as Damnation Bill any more. It was just me—Willie. Damnation Bill was done forever.

"I was there a fortnight, and every night mother came and tucked me in and said my prayers with me. She was n't afeard when I told her I must come back West and settle up business before I went to live with her in the old homestead the rest of her days. She had always had faith in me because she and

father had been so careful about bringin' me up in the way I should go, and she allowed that, with him and her a-prayin' for me (and with me a-prayin', too, as she believed), why, it would have been impossible for me to learn to lie and gamble and swear. That 's what hurt me most, boys—what she said about the swearin'. It 's all right for you to call me the old name—that 's my punishment, and I have brought it on myself. I am not kickin'. I hain't got religion; I hain't no better than anybody else. But may God forever paralyze my tongue if ever, in heedlessness or jest or anger, I lay that tongue of mine to any word, if she ever heard of it, would open mother's eyes to the truth of my old life and give pain to her confident heart!"

We fellows never called him Damnation Bill after that. No, from that time on it was just plain Bill—out of respect to him and his mother.

May 16, 1893

In Praise of Doctors

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was more or less of an invalid all of his life, and from the time

he was touched for the king's evil he had great faith in the potency of medicines and a high regard for medical practitioners. About the best verses he ever wrote were those in praise of one of his counsellors, Levett, the apothecary:

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.
In misery's darkest caverns known
His useful help was ever nigh;
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
Or lonely Want retired to die.
No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gains disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

Genius in every age has cheerfully paid the tribute of its reverence and its gratitude to doctors, and we cannot wonder at it when we come to consider that the dealings of the doctor with humanity are of the most intimate character and cover the entire period from birth to death. We find fault with Mrs. Jameson when she limits to one

sex an appreciation which both sexes share. "Women," says she, "are inclined to fall in love with priests and physicians, because of the help and the comfort they derive from both in perilous moral and physical maladies."

Just at this time we are interested by the acrimony exhibited by certain medical journals over the crusade which is being prosecuted by a New York publication against the practice of vivisection. We take it for granted that *Life*, the publication referred to, is sincere in the so-called crusade which it has undertaken, and we are free to confess that we have an instinctive horror of the practices of vivisection. The folly into which *Life* has fallen is a wholesale abuse of the medical profession at large. There is equal unwisdom exhibited by the medical journalists by bristling up and scurrying to the defence of a profession that really requires no defence.

Saying sharp things is easy enough when one is indifferent to consequences; this is particularly true when the target for sarcasms is an illustrious one. For centuries

the doctor has been riddled with pleasantries and sarcasms. If he had not been good and great he would not have been made a mark for brilliant savageries; if he had not been good and great he would have been swept away long ago by the flood of sharp but not always sincere criticism. Priests and physicians have from time immemorial come in for a large share of what we might call sportive hostility. The world has laughed over these jocularities, yet at the first appearance of physical or spiritual disquietude the world has sent post-haste for the priest or the doctor. This curious perversity is thoroughly understood by the doctores divinitatis and the doctores medicinae themselves, and it was none other than Dr. Francis Rabelais who embalmed and illustrated it in the immortal couplet:

> The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

We have always thought that in this couplet were most cleverly illustrated the three essentials to the perfect epigram as prescribed by Martial:

Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all:
A sting, some honey, and a body small.

It is related that Montaigne used to require of his friends that if ever he fell sick they should not send for the doctor until he got better. It was probably about the time of Molière that the story about throwing-away-the-medicine-and-getting-well originated, for when the Grand Louis asked Molière what he did for his doctor, the dramatist answered: "Sir, when I am ill I send for him. He comes; we have a chat and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes; I don't take it, and I am cured." It was probably not until after the evolution of the country editor that the world was apprised in the very best of faith that occasionally some people "died without medical assistance." And doubtless there are few of us that have not heard of the man who, having obtained a prescription for insomnia, administered it to his teething baby and enjoyed an unbroken night's rest. These and similar sarcasms upon the medical profession we enjoy, not because of their truth, for we

know well enough that they have very little truth in them, but because perhaps there is a teasing quality in them, and, as Victor Hugo has said, teasing is the malice of good men.

It has been our fortune to have an acquaintance with many doctors, and we agree with the opinion expressed by the Leviathan of English Letters, when he declared: "I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre." What we particularly admire the doctor for is what he often achieves outside of his profession; the avocations of the physician are notably productive of noble results. Many of the most successful journalists in this country have been doctors; and so have been, or are, many of our most charming writers upon general and special subjects. In this city at the present time there is a practising physician who has made pottery a study and practice; and he has done more, probably, than any other man toward perfecting

the glaze of native pottery. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has done more than simply to adorn and dignify his profession; he has adorned and dignified American literature. The first martyr to the cause of our national liberty was a doctor. The fall of Warren fanned to a blaze the fire of American patriotism. A Dr. Osborn of Massachusetts wrote, years ago, a whaling song that bids fair to outlive the giant mammal and its adventuresome pursuit, which that song celebrated. How largely is not science indebted to Morton, De Kay, and Barton, and who that has read his poems and his tales has not acknowledged the literary genius of Weir Mitchell? Akenside was a doctor; so was Cowley; so was Goldsmith. Before the days when these literary physicians flourished, Sir Walter Raleigh was proud of his fame as the compounder of a cordial; and Sir Kenelm Digby was known afar for his recipe for a sympathetic powder which wrought wonders. We remember to have read somewhere that Murat was a doctor, but we have never been able to confirm this story of his earlier life. Ar-

buthnot was certainly one of the greatest in his profession, and his literary abilities and his wit were exceptionally charming. Alexander Pope acknowledged the debt he owed to this physician in ministering to his physical sufferings:

> Friend of my life, which did you not prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song.

Again, the literary claims of the profession are to be recognized in the poems of James Rodman Drake and in the ever popular novels of Charles Lever. It was a doctor, Lestocq, who aided Catharine materially in her struggle for the throne; another doctor, Hamond, was master to the great Racine; Peter the Great cultivated an intimacy with Boerhaave; Hans Sloane provided the nucleus of the British Museum. Madden's "Infirmities of Genius" and MacNish's "Philosophy of Drunkenness" are two books that should be in every library. Two other famous books are Dr. Middleton's "Life of Cicero" and Dr. Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." Rousseau was an invalid all his life. Says he of the

physician : "Par tous les pays ce sont les hommes les plus véritablement utiles et savants." The essayist Tuckerman instances the "Médecin de Campagne" of Balzac and the "Dr. Antonio" of Ruffni as elaborate and charming illustrations of the testimony given by Rousseau.

Quoth the learned Park : "I hold physicians to be the most enlightened professional persons in the whole circle of human arts and sciences."

But there, we did not intend to say so much upon this subject. The doctor requires no defence, and if he did he could defend himself. We have been led into this idle, desultory chat about him by our sincere affection for him, for we certainly share with all other good folks their admiration and love for this bright, generous, patient, self-sacrificing friend of humanity.

September 12, 1894

Marvellous Memory of Conky Stiles

As near as I could find out nobody ever knew how Conky Stiles come to know as much of the Bible as he did. Thirty years

ago people as a class were much better acquainted with the Bible than folks are nowadays, and there was n't another one of 'em in the whole Connecticut valley from the Canada line to the Sound that could stand up 'longside of Conky Stiles and quote Scripture. Well, he knew the whole thing by heart, from Genesis, chapter i., to the "Amen" at the end of the Revelation of St. John the Divine ; that 's the whole business in a nutshell.

His name was n't Conky ; we called him Conky for short. His real name was Silas Stiles ; but one time, at a Sunday-school convention, Mr. Hubbell, the minister, spoke of him as a "veritable concordance of the Holy Scriptures," and so we boys undertook to call him Concordance, but bimeby that name got whittled down to Conky, and Conky stuck to him all the rest of his life. Not a bad name for him, neither, as names go. Heap more dignified than Si.

My father always insisted that Conky got his start in the Scriptures in this way: Conky's folks lived for about five years,

while Conky was a boy, in the old Ransom house. Their next neighbors was the Cooleys, and just over across the road lived the Kelseys. Maybe you 've heard of the Cooley-Kelsey debate? No? Funny, is n't it, how soon folks forget events and epochs and things! Fifty years ago nothin' else but the Cooley-Kelsey debate was talked of in Hampshire County, and yet here we are livin' in this intelligent State of Illinois, and it 's dollars to doughnuts that half of our people never heard of Lawyer Kelsey or Deacon Cooley.

You see, the deacon was high up in the Congregational Church, and he believed in "baptyzo," which is the Greek for the Congregational doctrine of sprinkling. Lawyer Kelsey had never been converted and had never made a profession, but, havin' a brother who was a Baptist minister in Pennsylvania, he was counted with the Baptists, too; and I guess he was a Baptist if he was anything, although, like as not, he 'd have said he was a heathen if he thought he could get up an argument by sayin' it, for of all the folks you ever saw Lawyer Kelsey

was the worst for keepin' things stirred up. One time Deacon Cooley and Lawyer Kelsey come together and locked horns on that word "baptyzo," Lawyer Kelsey maintainin' that the word was n't or should n't be "baptyzo," but "baptidzo"; and, as you know, of course, there is as much difference between "baptyzo" and "baptidzo" as there is between a fog and a thunder-shower.

Well, for about six months they had it up hill and down dale, in all the meetin'-houses and school-houses and vestry-rooms and town halls in the country, and it did beat all how much learnin' they got out of the books and dictionaries, and what long sermons they made, and what a sensation there was among the unbelievers as well as the elect. I guess they 'd have been arguin' yet if the freshet had n't come and distracted public attention by carryin' away the Northampton Bridge and the Holyoke Dam.

It happened that while this theological cataclysm was at its height, Conky Stiles, bein' six years old, was born again, and, repentin' of his sins, made a profession of

faith. And from that time he never lapsed or backslided, but was a conscientious and devout follower, illustrating in his daily walk (as Mr. Hubbell, the minister, said) those priceless virtues which had illuminated the career of his grandmother Cowles — a lady esteemed not more by the elders for her piety than by the younger folks for her cookies and squash pies.

When Conky was eight years old he got the prize at our Sunday-school for havin' committed to memory the most Bible verses in the year; and that same spring he got up and recited every line of the Acts of the Apostles, without havin' to be prompted once. By the time he was twelve years old he knew the whole Bible by heart, and most of the hymn-book, too, although, as I have said, the Bible was his specialty. Yet he was n't one of your pale-faced, studious boys—no, sir; not a bit of it. He took just as much consolation in playin' three-old-cat and the barn ball and hockey as any of the rest of us boys; and he could beat us all fishin', although perhaps that was because he learnt a new way of spittin' on his bait

from his uncle Luke Mason, who was considerable of a sport in those days.

Conky was always hearty and cheery. We all felt good when he was around. We never minded that way he had of quotin' things from the Bible; we 'd got used to it, and maybe it was a desirable influence. At any rate, we all liked Conky.

But perhaps you don't understand what I mean when I refer to his way of quotin' the Bible. It was like this: Conky, we 'll say, would be goin' down the road, and I come out of the house and holler: "Hello, there, Conky! Where be ye goin'?"

Then he 'd say, "John xxi. 3." That would be all he 'd say, and that would be enough, for it gave us to understand that he was goin' a-fishin'.

Conky never made a mistake; his quotations were always right; he always hit the chapter and the verse sure pop every time. The habit grew on him as he got older. Associatin' with Conky for fifteen or twenty minutes was n't much different from readin' the Bible for a couple of days, except that there was n't any manual labor about it. I

guess he 'd have been a minister if the war had n't come along and spoiled it all.

In the fall of 1862 there was a war meetin' in the town hall, and Elijah Cutler made a speech urgin' the men-folks to come forward and contribute their services, their lives if need be, to the cause of freedom and right. We were all keyed up with excitement, for next to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher I guess Elijah Cutler was the greatest orator that ever lived. While we were shiverin' and waitin' for somebody to lead off, Conky Stiles rose up and says, "1 Kings xix. 20," says he, and with that he put on his cap and walked out of the meetin'.

"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." That 's what Conky said,—or as good as said,—and that 's what he meant, too.

He did n't put off his religion when he put on his uniform. Conky Stiles, soldier or civilian, was always a livin', walkin' encyclopedy of the Bible, a human compendium of psalms and proverbs and texts; and I had that confidence in him that I

would have bet he wrote the Bible himself if I had n't known better and to the contrary.

We were with McClellan a long spell. There was a heap of sickness among the boys, for we were n't used to the climate, and most of us pined for the comforts of home. Lookin' back over the thirty years that lie between this time and that, I see one figure loomin' up, calm and bright and beautiful in the midst of fever and sufferin' and privation and death; I see a homely, earnest face radiant with sympathy and love and hope, and I hear Conky Stiles's voice again speakin' comfort and cheer to all about him. We all loved him; he stood next to Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan in the hearts of everybody in the regiment.

They sent a committee down from our town one Thanksgivin'-time to bring a lot of good things, and to see how soon we were goin' to capture Richmond. Mr. Hubbell, the minister, was one of them. Deacon Cooley was another. There was talk at one time that Conky had a soft spot in his heart for the deacon's eldest girl, Tryphena,

but I always allowed that he paid as much attention to the other daughter, Tryphosa, as he did to her elder sister, and I guess he had n't any more hankerin' for one of them than he had for the other, for when the committee come to go home he says to Deacon Cooley, "Well, good-by, deacon," says he; "Romans xvi. 12."

We had to look it up in the Bible before we knew what he meant. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord" — that was Conky's message to the Cooley girls.

He wrote a letter once to Mr. Carter, who was one of the selectmen, and he put this postscript to it: "Romans xvi. 6." You see, Mr. Carter's wife had been Conky's Sunday-school teacher, and Conky did not forget to "greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us."

Down at Elnathan Jones's general store the other day I heard Elnathan tell how Conky clerked it for him a spell, and how one day he says to Conky: "That Baker bill has been runnin' on for more 'n six weeks. We can't do business unless we

get our money. Conky, I wish you 'd just kinder spur Mr. Baker up a little."

So Conky sat down on the stool at the desk and dropped Mr. Baker a short epistle to this effect: "Romans i. 14; Psalms xxi. 11; Psalms cxlii. 6." Next day who should come in but Mr. Baker, and he allowed that that letter had gone straighter to his conscience than any sermon would have gone, and he paid up his bill and bought a kit of salt mackerel into the bargain, so Elnathan Jones says.

I could keep on tellin' things like this day and night out, for lots of just such stories are told about Conky all over Hampshire County now. Some of 'em doubtless are true, and some of 'em doubtless ain't—there 's no tellin'; but it can't be denied that most of 'em have the genuine Conky flavor.

The histories don't say anything about the skirmish we had with the rebels at Churchill's Bridge along in May of '64, but we boys who were there remember it as the toughest fight in all our experience. They were just desperate, the rebels were,

and — well, we were mighty glad when night came, for a soldier can retreat in the dark with fewer chances of interruption. Out of our company of one hundred and fifty men, only sixty were left. You can judge from that what the fighting was at Churchill's Bridge. When they called the roll in camp next day, Conky Stiles was n't there.

Had we left him dead at the bridge, or was he, wounded, dying the more awful death of hunger, thirst, and neglect?

"By ——," says Lew Bassett, "let 's go back for Conky."

That 's the only time I ever heard an oath without a feelin' of regret.

A detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoitre. Only the ruin of the preceding day remained where we boys had stood and stood and stood, only to be repulsed at last. Bluecoats and graycoats lay side by side and over against one another in the reconciling peace of death. Occasionally a maimed body retaining only a remnant of life was found, and one of these crippled bodies was what was found of Conky. When the surgeon saw the Minié hole here in his thigh,

and the sabre-gash here in his temple, he shook his head, and we knew what that meant.

Lew Bassett, a man who had never been to meetin' in all his life, and who could swear a new and awful way every time, Lew Bassett says: "No, Conky Stiles ain't goin' to die, for I sha'n't let him"; and he bent over and lifted up Conky's head and held it so, and wiped away the trickles of blood, and his big, hard hands had the tenderness of a gentle, lovin' woman's.

We heard Conky's voice once and only once again. For when, just at the last, he opened his eyes and saw that we were there, he smiled feeble-like, and the grace of the Book triumphed once more within him, and he says,— it seemed almost like a whisper, he spoke so faint and low,— "Good-by, boys; 2 Timothy iv. 7."

And then, though his light went out, the sublime truth of his last words shone from his white, peaceful face:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

January 23, 1895

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